THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1751

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

AUGUST 12 1933

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

Sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores and all AUSTIN REED shops.
Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 124M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

SHIRTS
in striped designs or plain shades, including two collars,
10/6 EACH.
PYJAMA SUITS
in striped designs or plain shades,
17/6 EACH.
Garments made to measure subject to special quotation.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

BOLS KÜMMEL

founded in Amsterdam 1575

Always with your coffee—the finest Kümmel, distilled in Holland since 1575

EAR-TRUMPETS DISCARDED!
THE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY!!
Old Ways Give Way to New!!!
Middle Ear (catarrh), Nerve (headnoises), Slightly (hard-of-hearing) or Very (so-called "stone") Deaf in young or old, and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting.

CALL NOW, 'PHONE OR WRITE

Having made this great discovery in the interests of suffering deaf humanity, its discoverer wants you to benefit. No matter what you have tried—with whatever result, you will greet this marvellous super sound, tone-sense-renewing method as the find of your life and its joy. *Ask for "Medical Commendations."*

DENT (Suite 24), 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
'Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718.

"ARETHUSA" BOYS MAKE THE FINEST SAILORS IN THE WORLD
THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
£15,000 STILL URGENTLY NEEDED
For necessary cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc.
The old "Arethusa" Training Ship has been condemned by the Admiralty as worn out and unfit for further service. 10,000 boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service.
PLEASE HELP
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

SILVERDALE TRITURATED TEA

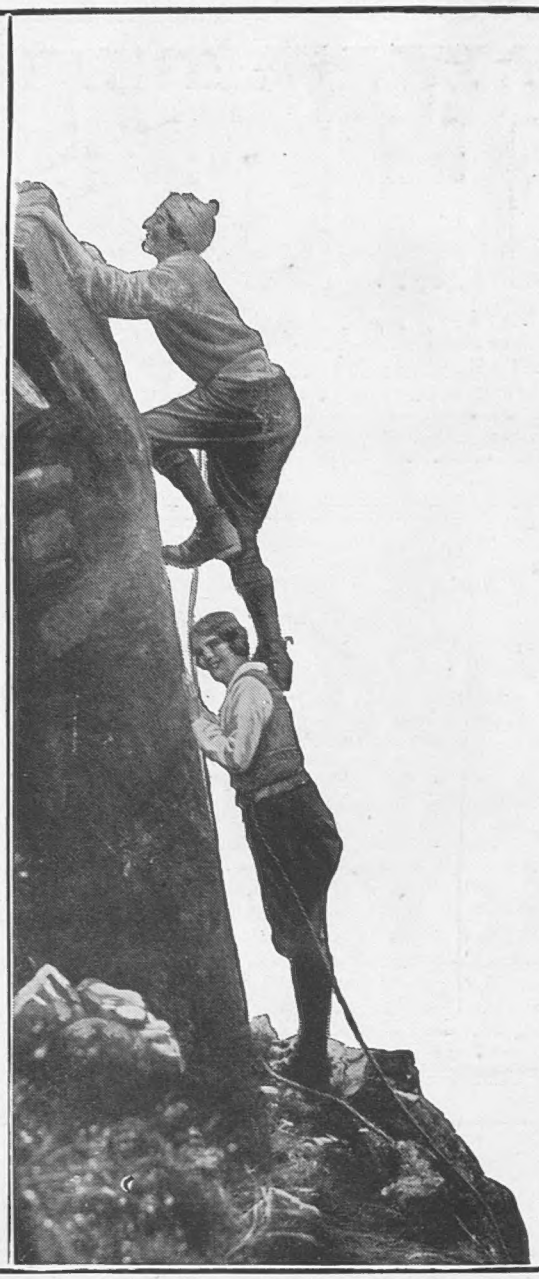
LIFE SEEMS BRIGHTER AFTER A CUP OF SILVERDALE TEA

From your Leading Grocer, or particulars:—
SILVERDALE, 1, Paul St., Finsbury, E.C. 2

FOR HOLIDAY HEADACHES—*TAKE*
GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

"Some people think Shell advertising is "Highbrow""

"Well, anyhow, it can't be above our heads"



EVERYBODY KNOWS

— YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Lilla
HAND-SMOCKING
ARTISTIC BUT PRACTICAL

No. 9

LILLA
HAND-WORKED
SMOCKS

These well-known "Lilla" Smocks are artistic but of great utility. Made in a large range of plain and figured cotton, silk and wool materials.

One of the outstanding features of these Smocks is the tremendous amount of hard wear that can be obtained from them, which makes them ideal garments for the house and garden.

CAN BE SENT ON APPROVAL
upon receipt of the usual references or deposit.

DUROMAYD
Full length, Fadeless
31/9

Also in reliable TUB FABRICS from **21/9** and many other Silk and Cotton materials.
SHORT SMOCKS from **15/11**

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE "G" SENT ON REQUEST
with full range of patterns.

LILLA 7, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1. 'PHONE: VIC. 7751

INTERVAL
for PLAYERS

There's no telling when the next 'set' will commence once the members get into their stride with a box of Nº 3's.

PLAYER'S Nº3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

100 FOR 6'4 50 FOR 3'3
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

3P158 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
At Home ...	£3 0s.10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
Canada ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of *The Sphere*,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Please send me The Sphere *weekly for* _____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ *1933*

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

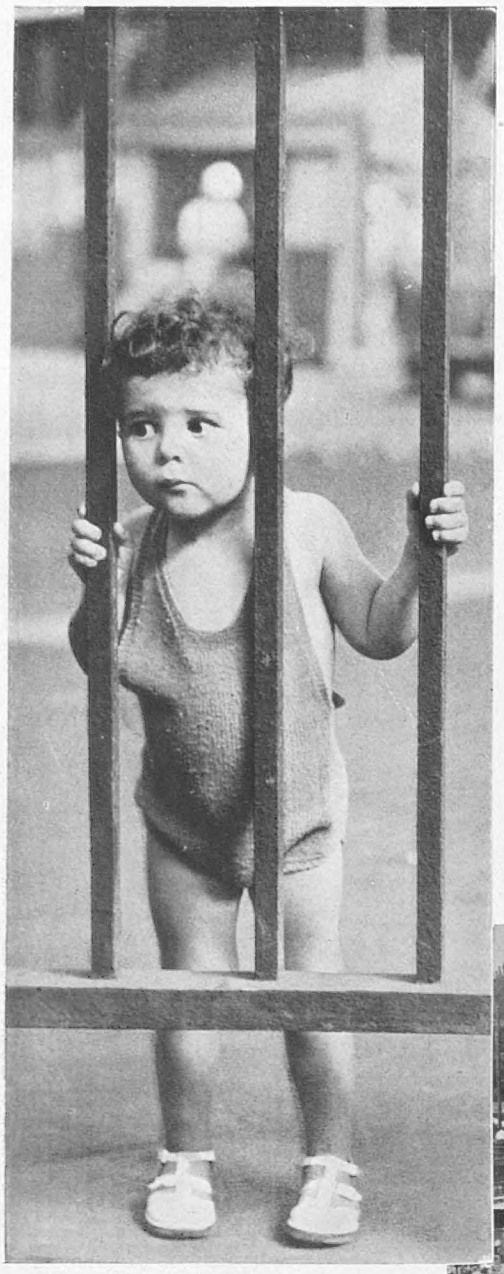
London, August 12, 1933

THE DUCHESS ON HER NATIVE HEATH

H.R.H. Arriving with Her Two Daughters, Princess Margaret Rose and Princess Elizabeth, at Glamis Station

The Duchess of York's popularity is nowhere more manifest than among her own people. They always have a real welcome for her. Her Royal Highness left London for Scotland on August 4, and is seen in the above picture arriving at Glamis Station with Princess Margaret Rose and Princess Elizabeth, proudly leading her golden Labrador puppy. In close attendance is Chief Constable Christie of Angus. The Royal party are, of course, spending their holiday at Glamis Castle, the historic home of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. It was here that the Duchess spent much of her early youth, and during her periodic visits to Forfar she takes the opportunity of renewing many old friendships with those who knew her as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.



ANXIETY: A young holiday-maker, dressed in his coolest for a week-end by the sea, peers through the railings at Victoria Station and wonders whether the train will ever come

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 9, 1933.

AUTUMN FASHIONS — POLITICAL.—A new move by Mr. Lloyd George is not so rare as interesting. No politician was ever so determined to show that his political career has been a consistent and constructive evolution of political thought, translated when possible into action, and few make so good a job of it. Therefore it is stimulating to watch him mounting rung by rung the long and ordered ladder, and as he passes from step to step "scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend." It is sometimes difficult to believe that the Squire of Churt, contemplating his acres and orchards white (or purple or crimson) already to harvest, is the same fiery prophet and demagogue who on July 30, 1909, revealed in all their hideous selfishness the landowners of Britain at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse. But so it is. The local squire opening the bazaar at Hindhead is this same fiery prophet, mellowed and rounded, but prophetic and fiery still. Public memory is mercifully short, and it is not so difficult to show consistency as regards the pre-War past. But as regards his late declaration that all-round tariffs, including one on meat, are essential, certain precautions must be taken. And as that declaration consorts ill with the principles of a "life-long Liberal," it is necessary first to kill off the Liberal Party. "Et tu, Brute? Then die." Even M. Maurois must admit that the Liberal Party, so far from having won a new lease of life, is dead from that last thrust. Tariffs there must be, or the landowner ("Take my own case. I am a landowner who has to sell his produce cheap because of overseas competition") will be ruined. The farmer and landowner speaks from the depths of his breaking heart, and is with difficulty diverted to throwing off a couple of prophecies. Before autumn is well begun, every farmer in the country will condemn the Ottawa Agreement and cry for its reversal. As for India, the great prophet is somewhat fettered here, and falls back on the Delphic expedient. It is difficult to see how the cat jumps unless you are prepared to let the cat out of the bag. But it is safe to prophesy vaguely that there will be trouble over India before long.

JUSFOFUN. — Only the other day—three or four years ago—it was a charmingly secluded farm on a sea cliff in Blankshire. The cornfields were golden on the cliff edge and the cattle wandered at will down to the shore by their own paths. In front of the farm buildings there was a green on which the geese strayed, and a pond for ducks and cattle. Rustic peace at the world's end. And now after so short a time I see it again and the transformation is unbelievable. The old farmhouse still stands, lovely as ever, but it has become nothing but a busy estate office in the heart of a maze of streets and roads in Bungalow City. From each point of the compass avenues radiate flanked on either side with bungalows. The largest is perhaps 20 ft. long by 12 ft. broad. They range from converted railway carriages to match-box shacks. Each is complete with its 12 square feet of lawn, its flagstaff, its bird table, its muslin curtains, its meat safe, and its humorous name. Indeed, far more ingenuity goes to the naming of the house than to its conditioning. And that is no doubt logical. For the city is deserted between October 1 and June 1.

SUN-WORSHIP.—The impression you get as you walk along the endless streets of Bungalow City is so very English—as the adjective has come since 1925 to be understood, so utterly un-English to the Victorian-rooted. It means sun-and-air, down-with-social-barriers, down-with-Victorian conventions, bare-leg, bare-back, free-as-air, care-free sun-worship. This is a city peopled with friendly, uncritical folk in beach pyjamas and shorts with bare chests, backs, and legs, who are untrammelled by conventions, too experienced for surprise, too tolerant for criticism of their neighbours. They are here for fun and freedom and the one serious purpose of sun-worship and skin-bronzing. And so they call their summer houses: "Jusfofun," "Liveablin," "Mynest," "Easiwork," "Sunt-rap," "Commilfo," and "Dolsy Farne." And having exhausted their ingenuity, they sleep in the sun outside; but indoors it is not easy to breathe or move. And so it goes on to-day on every shore in Southern England. And with the October gales the population vanishes away and the farmer of bungalows counts his gains and resumes his older vocation, alone with the sky and the sea in a desert of empty bungalows.

BROADCASTING—A TRANSIENT FASHION?—Does this heading suggest a Silly Season topic? At first blush, it would seem so. Not one in a million to-day conceives that broadcasting is not as permanent an institution as marriage or the Lord Mayor's Show or cricket. Obviously it is not on a par with "diavolo" or croquet. It has attractions to offer infinitely large and its possibilities are yet unplumbed. Yet even monopolies must advance with care and humility, even the victorious army must throw out its advance scouts and obey the rules of war and safety. Even the conqueror must keep up his secret service and collect and examine for grain the straws in the wind. And it is not in doubt that during this glorious summer the appeal of broadcasting has been lessened. Probably, almost certainly, it is seasonal and largely due to the fine weather. But not entirely. My own experience and that of my friends are little straws, but not entirely negligible; and that experience goes to show that the summer programmes have been ill-chosen and the fare unsuitable for the dog days. Already there are signs that the B.B.C. is suffering from the hubris which attacks all established monopolies soon or late. For one thing, it has run to death its great new idea of illustrating the news with word pictures by eye-witnesses. It is unquestionable that the word-pictures should not interrupt, but should come at the end of, the news bulletin. There are scores of listeners who never have used and never will use the radio except as an evening paper and who will always abhor the spoken lecture and report. To these the interruption of the day's news by an eye-witness account of some event which does not interest them is maddening. Then again, to implement the high principles of education which it has set itself, the B.B.C. this summer has gone juggernaut over economics and world politics. No subjects could be more topical, but we have had a bellyful of World Economic dope and we are but little children weak after all and cannot stand unlimited lecturing. Lastly, we grow tired of the familiar voice too long employed. Mr. Vernon Bartlet has done yeoman's service for years, but he is inclined to repeat himself inevitably, even to contradict himself, and he is, like his listeners, in need of a short rest. Broadcasting is a grand thing for humanity, but . . . if it is to lose none of its appeal, it needs to take every precaution and to think unceasingly and with humility.

LOW TIDE AT MARGATE: The hottest Bank Holiday for many years drew all London to the sea, and during three days of largest holiday invasions ever known. The great roads to the south and the railway termini were crowded from morning till proved inadequate to meet the demand and thousands spent Saturday and Sunday night on the beaches and in the shelters. rest and even at low tide there seemed hardly enough room for all who wished to catch

WEATHER BOUND.—Like its famous predecessor, General Balbo's Armada proved the sport of the winds. A famous pioneer, this flight of sea birds served rather to show the weaknesses than to prove the advantages of flying. And that is the essential value of pioneer feats. A windjammer could

have easily beaten the Italian Armada's time from goal to goal with thrice the crew and tons of freight transported to and fro. The truth will out. We are still at the cradle of flying if flying is to become a real commercial rival to land or sea transport, but especially the latter. We are no nearer the day when a hundred tons of freight can be more surely and more swiftly and more cheaply conveyed from Europe to America by air than by sea. For postal and passenger service, where speed is necessary, the aeroplane, light and commercial, has proved its claims, though it can never achieve the schedule reliability of surface methods. But the day is past when we dreamed that air services might compete with passenger liner services. And it is a good thing to disperse illusions.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

—I little thought when, for the umpteenth time, I wrote last week that the remedy for the present horror of the roads and the total neglect of driving precautions and the road code lay first and last at the present juncture with the police themselves, that before my words were in print Lord Trenchard, the chief critic of road manners, would take the long neglected hint and make a start at last in the area he controls. But so it was. He actually instructed road patrols to take note of bad driving and dangerous driving, and, Heaven knows, during the holiday they had ample opportunity to learn the awful truth. It may be that police patrols will henceforth regularly visit and halt at some and close again, and the record was complete. Faced with his photograph taken *in flagrante*, the thief confessed and was bound over, and the righteous owner of the fowls was no doubt commended for his astuteness. The children of this generation are in their methods of detection wiser than the children of mine. We should probably have sat up several nights under a camouflage of rotten cabbage leaves, and even then our evidence would have been less acceptable to the Bench.

THE RIVAL 'VARSITIES.—

The Academic year 1932-3 is over and the tell-tale table of inter-'varsity contests is open for inspection. There are thirty-two such contests and Cambridge have won twenty to Oxford's thirteen, the cricket match being drawn. But of course all these events are not criteria of "decadence," are not contests of brawn only, of brain only, of fitness only, etc. The "big ten" are I suppose: Athletics, boat race, cricket, football association and rugby, hockey, lawn tennis, racquets, running (cross-country), and tennis. Of these ten, Cambridge won five and Oxford four. What is of perhaps more interest is the aggregate number of wins by each University since these ten events were instituted. Cambridge, 300; Oxford, 248. The oldest fixture was first played in 1827. I am afraid, look at it from whatever angle, taking the long, the short, or the broad view, Cambridge is on top. And doubtless there are good reasons why it should be so.

BRITISH TRUST FOR ORNITHOLOGY.—

Great Britain still lags behind in organizing biological research, especially in ornithology. The workers are available and willing but control is lacking. Yet England is the finest country for the observation of bird life and movement. In 1927 the Oxford Bird Census began to build up a scheme of corporate observation, residents and undergraduates combining to ring, to make censuses, and to record all kinds of observations. Now the scheme is to be enlarged and made national, and to that end the British Trust for Ornithology has been formed to establish near Oxford an institute, which the University will administer nationally, and to organize bird-watching groups throughout the country and the Empire, feeding the central authority with their records. All who are interested in an appeal backed by every leading bird-lover in the land should send their bit to the Treasurer, British Trust for Ornithology, University Museum, Oxford.

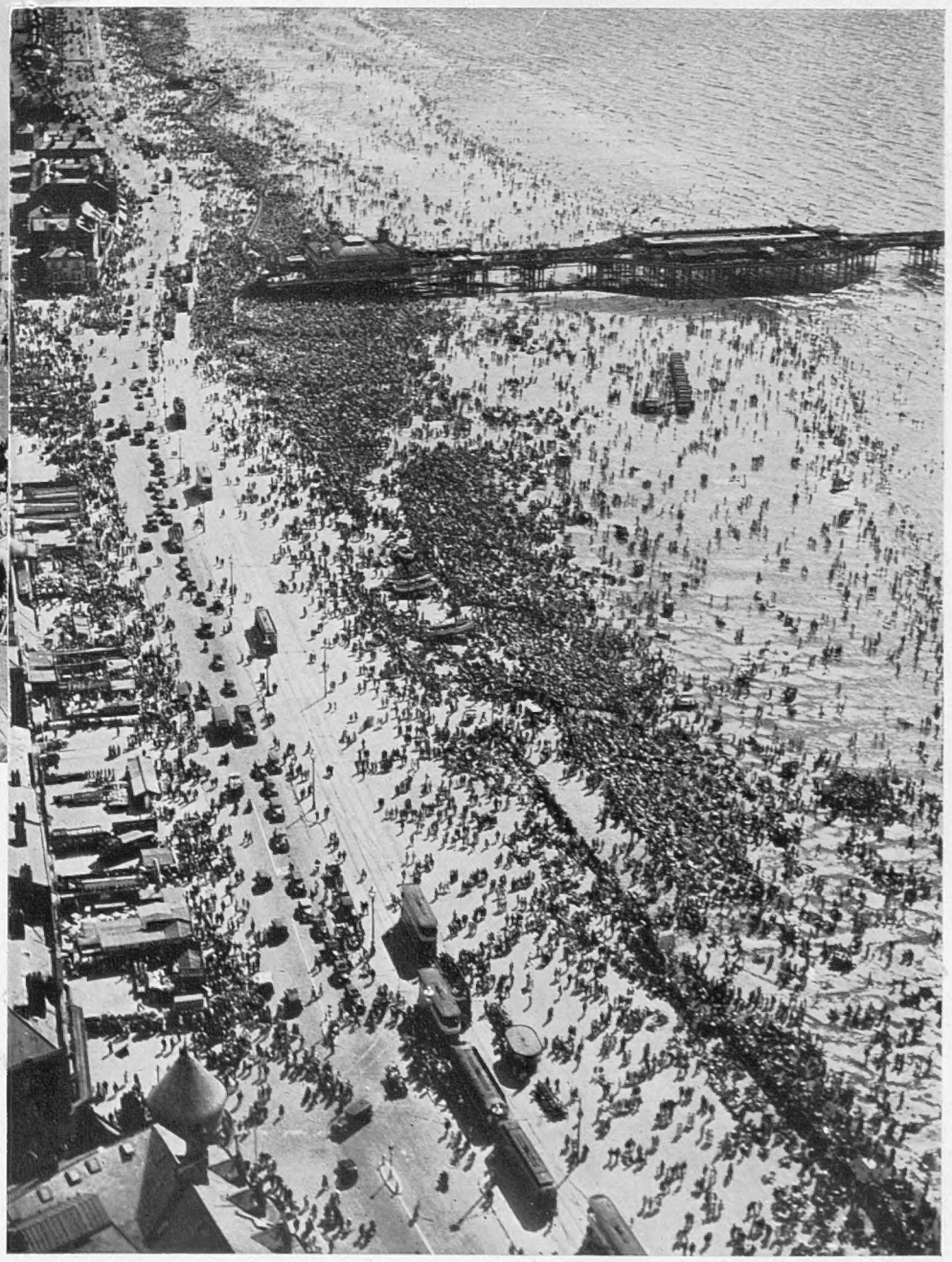
THE PRINCE'S VICTOR: Miss Beatrice Gottlieb, the twenty-seven-year-old American golfer from New York, who beat the Prince of Wales last week on the Coombe Hill course, Surrey, by eighty strokes to eighty-three. Miss Gottlieb presented the Prince with a Bobby Jones club. H.R.H. returned the compliment with a signed score card and a set of golf balls

THE TWELFTH AND ALL THAT.—

The shooting season again! Six months of it to go. On August 1 the "flappers" on the Broads make the first victims of the Norfolk fowlers, and St. Grouse follows with the usual journalistic attentions. The price of a pair of young grouse will be very low indeed when the driving begins in earnest. All over Scotland the reports are favourable for a good year and the latest observations confirm that optimism. The heather is generally splendid, and the threat of drought in July was averted just in time. There will be many moors insufficiently shot and too-large stocks left in October to foul the ground and diminish the feed. And that will mean migrations and disappointments next year. So it goes on, up and down, but latterly more down than up. Hence it is up to sportsmen to shoot straight and as often as beaters can be found to drive, and to aim well in front.

THE OLD STAGER

brilliant sunshine the South Coast resorts catered for one of the night with eager holiday-makers, while accommodation at many places Margate, where this picture was taken, was as crowded as the their annual glimpse of the sea



SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY CROWD: While Londoners flocked to the South Coast to enjoy one of the hottest Bank Holidays on record, Lancashire folk invaded ever popular Blackpool. This aerial view of the famous beach gives some idea of the enormous crowd which thronged the foreshore on Monday when close on half-a-million people packed the town to capacity

of the road bends and white line sections and even gently chide a percentage of the criminal class which regards the road as its own playground of murder. This I think is the first sign that the authorities recognize that the road user is not a privileged aristocracy above the law, be he Bentley-driver or pedal cyclist. We shall watch and pray. It may be that for the decent motorist an age of safety-at-last is dawning and bad times coming for the undertakers.

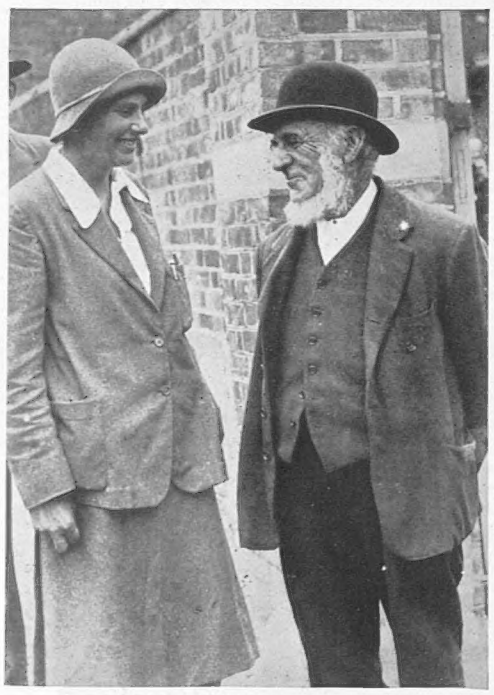
EVIDENCE IN CAMERA.

—There was trouble in the allotments; the eggs were disappearing and the owner of the hen coop suspected the owner of the neighbouring cabbage patch. So he devised an ingenious plan. He set up and camouflaged a camera in the hen house. Another device ensured that the thief's movements in the house operated a "click" which brought his face round to the camera in time for the lens to uncover

THE GREAT TITHE DISPUTE

THIRTY-SEVEN EAST ANGLIAN FARMERS SUMMONED TO COURT: Lady Evelyn Balfour, of New Bells Farm, Haughley, Suffolk, arriving with the other defendants to appear before the Castle Hedingham magistrates on the charge of unlawful assembly arising out of the present dispute in East Anglia regarding the payment of tithes. The summonses were issued as a direct result of alleged breaches of the peace occurring during the collection of goods following a sale under a distraint order at Delvyn's Farm, Gestingthorpe

LADY EVELYN BALFOUR, one of the accused farmers, chatting with Mr. J. O. Steed, solicitor in charge of the case for the defendants



THIS TITHE QUESTION: Lady Evelyn Balfour and Mr. A. Holes, one of the oldest of the accused farmers, discussing the case outside the court at Castle Hedingham

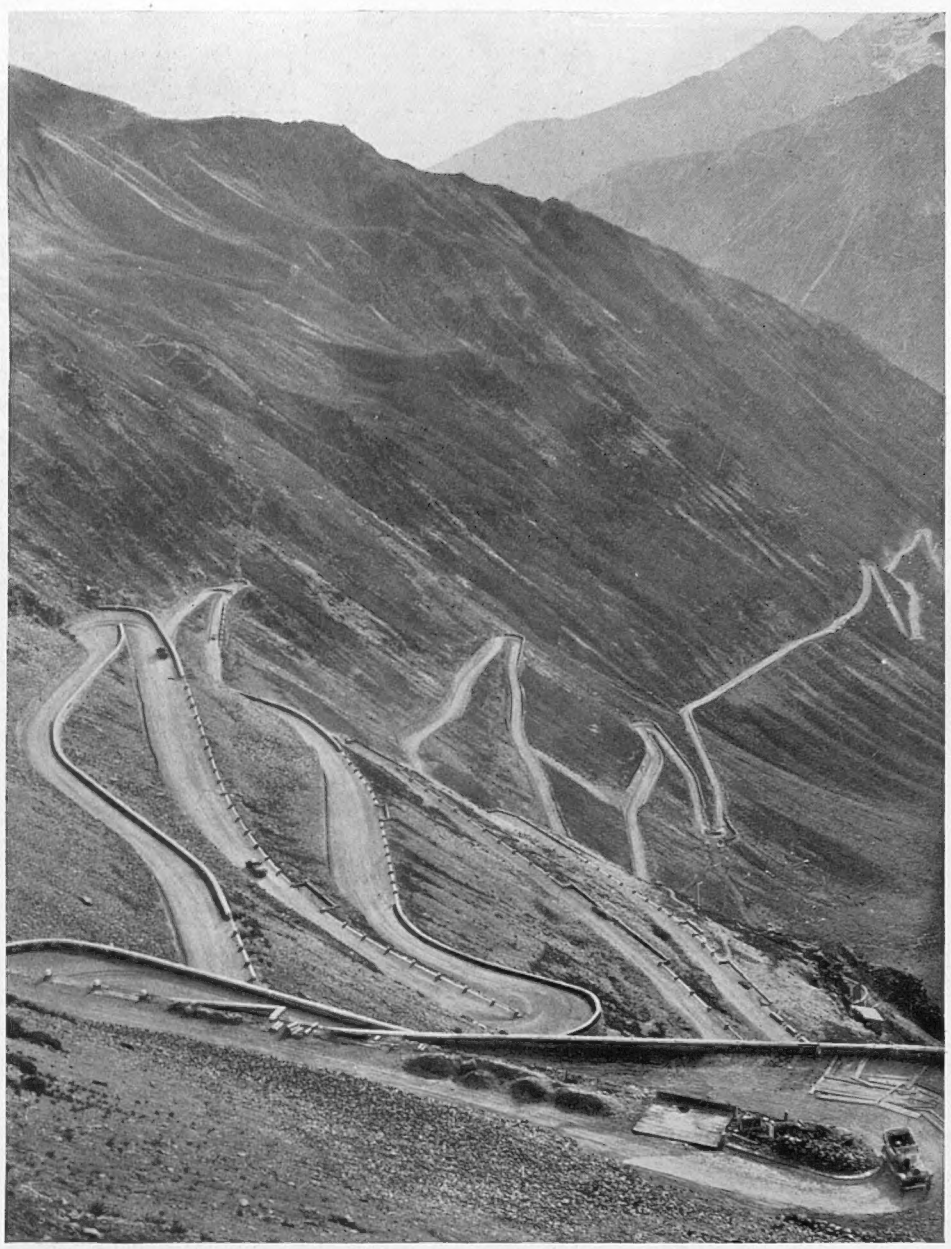
MRS. MARGARET GARDINER whose farm at Gestingthorpe was the scene of the disturbances which led to the charges against the thirty-seven farmers

BEFORE THE HEARING: An animated discussion on the tithe question under vigilant police surveillance. After a preliminary hearing at Castle Hedingham, in which evidence for the prosecution was brought before the magistrates, the case was adjourned until September 5 to enable the defendants to attend to their farms. It was alleged at the hearing that some eighty to a hundred farmers arrived at Delvyn's Farm on May 22 and, although Mrs. Gardiner did all she could to prevent a disturbance, abusive language and threats were directed towards those who were there in an official capacity. Mr. Meurig James, an auctioneer, stated that eggs were hurled by the crowd both at himself and Mr. Gibson, a solicitor

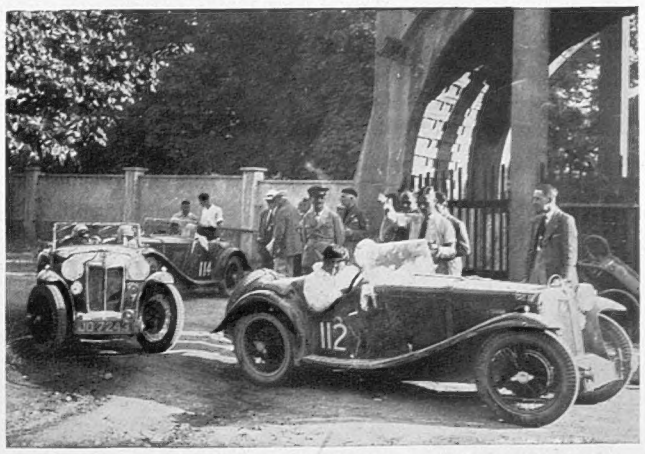
PROTESTING AGAINST BLOOD SPORTS: Two pictures taken at the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutsham, when demonstrators paraded among the riders and foot followers in an attempt to enlist their sympathy. The Cloutsham Meet is always a popular event, and those opposed to staghunting seldom fail to draw attention to their convictions. They invariably have a large, but usually unsympathetic, audience, as crowds of followers in charabancs and on foot come to see the sport from the neighbouring seaside resorts of Minehead and Porlock. More than once in the past few years demonstrators have suffered for their temerity with a ducking in the Bristol Channel

THE INTERNATIONAL ALPINE TRIAL

Climbing the Highest Road in Europe

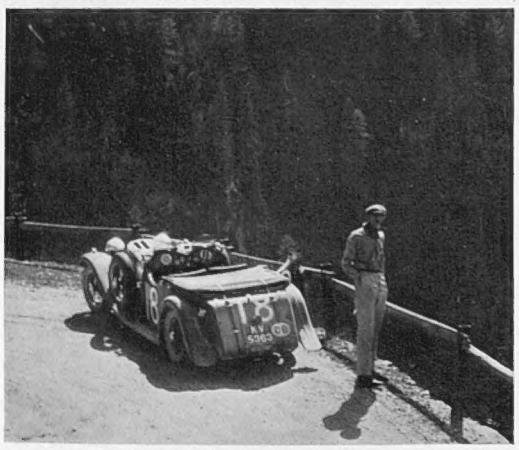


THROUGH THE STELVIO PASS: A general view of the most formidable section of the journey in last week's International Alpine Trial. This famous pass has forty-five hairpin bends and ascends 9,000 ft. in a distance of 11 miles. In addition to this a speed of 29 m.p.h. was imposed on the large cars and 26 m.p.h. on light cars—a sure test of ability under such conditions



THE M.G. TEAM leaving Turin during the International Alpine Trials. The trio won the team event in the 1,100-cc. class with a total loss of only 87 points

IN THE GALIBIER PASS: Another difficult climb in the Alpine Trial. Some of the best performances on the steeper gradients were put up by the Frazer-Nash drivers, nicknamed by their fellow competitors as the "chain gang"



WHERE ONE MISTAKE IS SUFFICIENT: A hairpin bend and a steep precipice on the route of the Alpine Trial. The car in the foreground is an S.S.1

CHECKING IN AT GRENOBLE: W. E. Belgrave in the supercharged M.G. Midget in which he gained first place in the 1,100-cc. class of the Alpine Trial

MAKING THE GRADE: Count Delmar of Hungary, driving a Bugatti, leading a German competitor round one of the hairpin bends of the Galibier Pass

The International Alpine Trial, which finished on Saturday last, not only provided some of the most thrilling racing of the year, but lessons for the car designer and manufacturer which are certain to prove of value in the production of forthcoming models. Under the severe stress of the heavy gradients encountered in the trial, cooling and braking apparatus was tested to the maximum. The British entries were particularly successful, and of the fifty-four cars which started from Merano on Monday of last week thirty finished in good order. One of the two special cups reserved for women drivers was won by an English girl, Miss Champney, whose Riley lost only fifty-four marks in the whole five days of the trial. The accompanying pictures give an excellent impression of the type of country the competitors had to negotiate

M. ALBERT SARRAUT : France's active Colonial Minister

CRISIS IN GREATER FRANCE

How, with the Downward Curve of National Prosperity, France is Finding the Control of her Vast Colonial Empire in North Africa and the East an Ever More Difficult and Unremunerative Task

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

That overseas dominion may be something in the nature of a fair-weather luxury, inclined to become a considerable nuisance, if not danger, when world affairs take a downward curve, is just now dawning on the average Frenchman—who, normally, takes even less interest in "la plus grande France" than does John Smith in the British Commonwealth of Nations. France may be the second largest colonial Power, she may have put up a unique show in the last fifty years in this realm, but Jacques Bonhomme simply refuses to be interested; his racial ingrowingness of character prohibits it. Even when a magnificent Colonial Exhibition was organized for his special benefit—at a moment when the rest of us were already flying distress signals—he was not more than transiently impressed; while he did not enter at all into the idea lying behind that Exposition, namely, that he should reach down into his pockets with a view to aiding colonial development.

That was two short years ago: the glory of Vincennes, apotheosis of French overseas suzerainty. If anyone had then hazarded that this apparently thriving collection would be in Queer Street in less than a couple of years' time, he would have been listed either crazy or as one doing communistic propaganda. Yet this is what has happened. The present condition of the British Commonwealth is not precisely what one would call healthy and happy. But it is no worse off, probably not so bad as the general state in which the French possessions find themselves. In fact, the French would only have to develop leg-theory with the Algerians or Indo-Chinese to be in definitely worse case. . . .

There is a great deal of censorship going on in regard to recent events in Africa and farther afield. The inevitable result of this—however necessary it may be—is the usual glut of rumours. Large-scale military actions, besiegings of governors, riots, shootings, threats of secession, such are all being trotted round Paris. Most of the yarns may probably be discarded, but that a serious composite situation has for the first time developed in the French overseas possessions admits of not a morsel of doubt. The very fact that special correspondents have hied this way and that to unravel things—to try and interest the Frenchman of the "Métropole"—is sufficient testimony.

It is perhaps necessary to separate very clearly in one's mind the problems that beset, say, an Ottawa Conference and those with which the central Paris Government is now confronted. That word "central" supplies all the difference. France has in essence got to deal with what we should call a batch of Crown Colonies. There is no "Dominion status" anywhere to be found. When it isn't a case of outright military rule—as in Morocco—Residents or Governors-General, with very complete authority amounting here and there to a local dictatorship, are directly answerable to Paris. So far this has worked, but there are indications that the system may require to be overhauled in the not distant future.

It is not mere accident that at the moment the Republic possesses its most active Colonial Minister of this century. M. Albert Sarraut, whose recent boosting of wine and international public works at the London Conference drew much of a blank, will quite likely continue through more than one Government in his present office—much as Aristide Briand went on for six consecutive years at the Quai d'Orsay regardless of the coming and going of governments of various hues. It is becoming realized that such matters as "Greater France" must be removed from the ebb and flow of domestic politics and that if a man devotes all his energy to such a problem and becomes an expert, then he should be kept on at his post. Albert Sarraut has a definite vision of the new "plus grande France" and if he is permitted his way it will mean, among other things, a turning-in of France upon herself more than ever in the past. We may as well be prepared for this because it looks to be coming. Undeterred by certain aspects of Ottawa which, to put it mildly, have not wholly given satisfaction to all concerned, France is preparing an "Empire Free Trade" conception that would delight the heart of a Beaverbrook. (Again: We must remember the French are virtually dealing with Crown Colonies.)

This tendency to rely on self and let the rest of the world roll by, at any rate for some time, until things have sorted themselves out a bit more, received strong impetus from what happened over gold at the Economic Conference. In her current mood, France is as determined as ever to retain all her gold, banking on a return of the gold standard. That she seriously hopes to do any business that really matters with the other heroic survivors of the gold bloc—Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium—is unlikely. Rather what she proposes to do—especially if sterling starts weakening against the franc, which is expected in the autumn—is to cut down all foreign imports to the bone and to take produce instead from "Greater France," even if such has to be subsidized as it will have to be (already a schedule of export premiums on fats is being got out for the Cameroons). We look to be about to witness a most costly giving of preference and bounties to coloured France in the effort to maintain and retain this; as we appear to be on the threshold of a general spectacle of France dug in up to the eyes—militarily, commercially, economically, financially. France believes that none other is better able to do this than herself; and she may be right. That the policy will raise howls as receipts fall away and away in certain spheres—tourism, articles de Paris, textiles, wine, to name but the more obvious—is certain. But the Government is aware (nobody more so) that there exist immense reserves of money tucked away throughout the country . . . let the population draw on that while the harshnesses of an intensive economic nationalism are put over.

The present crisis has been brewing for some time, and, if exception be made of incessant "red" activity in Indo-China and which is being met with the firm hand, it derives undeniably from a wild over-production carried through by concerns and companies ("crédits fonciers") exploiting native labour. The most glaring cases are wine in Algeria and Tunisia, and cereals in Morocco. Indeed, you may say that the real crisis of "Greater France" centres on North Africa, and that there the drama will be played out. The whole way along the African littoral there is at the present time a burning discontent and France cannot afford to see that endure, if only for certain high political considerations. For example, there are 100,000 Italians in Tunis city alone—and only 50,000 French. But it is next door in Algeria that the trouble has gained most momentum and where the possibility of having to break away from "la Métropole" has actually been canvassed among the half-million *French-born citizens* resident locally.

The story hinges chiefly on wine—a most distressing war of the wines of Algeria and the Midi. The former is strong and excellent, and the French in France clamour for it. The second is doctored and diluted, and nobody wants it. Yet the Midi has been used to supplying 51 per cent. of all French wine and it doesn't intend to let the figure slip. It keeps up a constant and fiery propaganda in Parliament, so much so that the interests of Algeria and Tunis invariably suffer—and Algeria is made up of three French departments enjoying a Customs Union with France so that the quotas and repressions exercised upon her are flagrantly illegal. Sober people point out that Algeria is France's best customer and that if the Republic sits on her wine export she correspondingly reduces Algeria's power of buying commodities from France. But such reasoning is drowned by the cries of the wine-growers of the Midi: 1,500,000 of them and all violently Left. And, lo! Algeria is still quota-d down and down and she must not plant any more vineyards, and as a result commerce languishes locally and there is common fed-upness. Next door, in Tunis, the situation is even worse on account of a paucity of rain; but Tunis is not able to be articulate like Algeria.

The effect of all this upon the native has been disastrous, viewed from the standpoint of a further development of North Africa, for which "mise-en-valeur" loan-floating Paris never tires of demanding.

The native cannot be expected to comprehend external economics.

He sees himself paid less and less for doing the same job of work so, in due course, he goes to see the boss about it. The boss tries to explain how things have slumped all round. "Yes, yes, me understand," says the Sidi, and he goes off scratching his head. But he doesn't understand. He is reflecting dazedly: "But I have to pay the same prices for the little things I buy and that they make. Why do they not pay the same prices for the things I make for them?" From that to a suspicion that something is being put over on him by the white man is but a step, and it has been taken.

So the natives are going primitive again.

They are disconnecting. They are cultivating their own gardens plus just enough extra to pay their taxes. And they are leaving it at that. "Until better times."

Needless to say such widespread "going dead" of immense African areas cannot be contemplated with serenity by the French Government. This has somehow or other, by hook or crook, got to restore the purchasing power of the natives. Unfortunately, in present circumstances, it is extremely difficult to get at these natives at all. If you lighten anything—tax or other charge—the chances are that you merely lighten matters for those all-embracing "crédits fonciers."

This is only one of the problems France must immediately face in the first real crisis in her young colonial affairs. As indicated, she is now practically resolved to cut herself increasingly off from the foreigner and to expand to their limit all forms of trading with the overseas possessions. Her last shot in the other direction was given its quietus by Mr. Runciman when he said Britain would join in no international public works. This had been suggested by M. Sarraut, who had had principally in mind the development of Africa, which might, in turn, have given that imperative "pouvoir d'achat" back to the natives. It is not to be—at least not that way. So the curtain should presently go up on a France ingrowing still more—if that were possible. It will not be Ottawa. But it should be none the less interesting for that; a planned economy looming largely. While the overseas possessions shall not be quota-d into penury, they must also not be allowed to drench the home market with their cheaply come-by products.

A CENTRE OF NORTH AFRICAN UNREST: The Arab quarter of the old Algerian city of Constantine

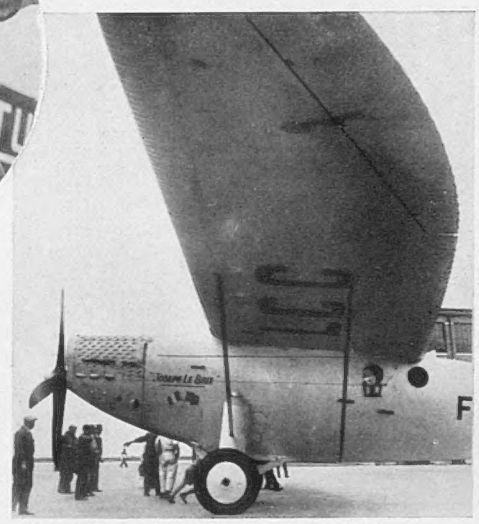
A PARISIAN SHOOTING DRAMA

Mystery still surrounds the death of Miss Dorothy Wright, the beautiful twenty-four-year-old British girl, who was found shot last week in the flat belonging to M. Roland Coty, son of the millionaire perfume manufacturer, at the Hotel George V, Paris. Little is known so far of her early life, but it is reported that she lived in great luxury both in Paris and on the Riviera, and always appeared to be surrounded by a host of fashionable acquaintances. She was frequently seen with M. Roland Coty, and last year, when she was dangerously ill on the Riviera, he flew her back to the American Hospital, Paris

NOW BARRED AND SHUTTERED: Miss Dorothy Wright's home in the fashionable Passy quarter, where she had been living

MISS DOROTHY WRIGHT: A striking portrait of the young British girl whose death in mysterious circumstances has caused such a sensation in Paris

M. ROLAND COTY (centre), son of the millionaire perfume manufacturer, whose luxurious suite at the Hôtel George V was the scene of Miss Wright's death. He is an enthusiastic aviator

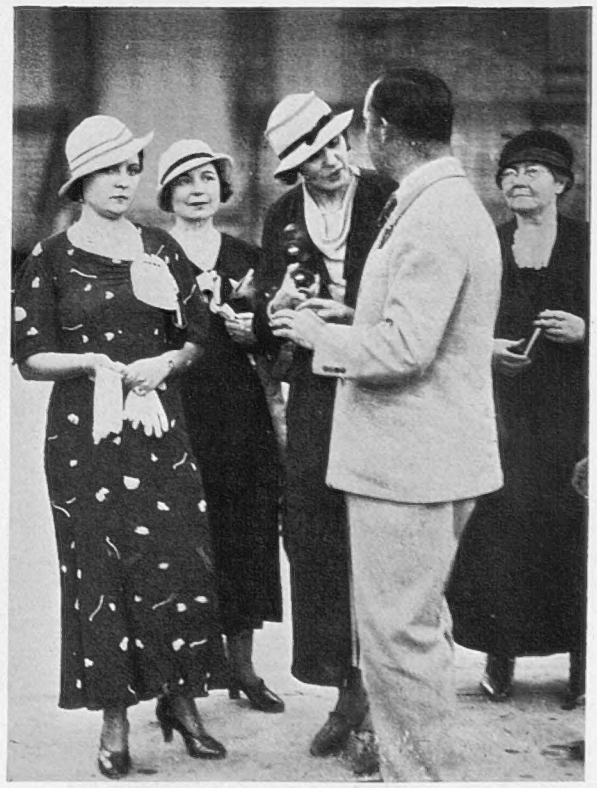


THE NON-STOP WORLD RECORD BREAKER: The monoplane, *Joseph le Brix*, in which MM. Codos and Rossi flew from America to Syria during the week-end

MM. ROSSI AND CODOS: The two French pilots of the *Joseph le Brix* seen in New York before the start of their historic flight to Damascus

MRS AIMÉE SEMPLE McPHERSON HUTTON (left), the famous Los Angeles woman evangelist, walking the deck of the liner which brought her back to America to face the divorce action instituted by her husband, Mr. David Hutton. Mrs. McPherson, who has probably achieved more newspaper publicity than any other woman in America, has had a sensational career as a preacher and revivalist. Her oratory, which is of a highly sensational order, has financed the founding of one of Los Angeles most elaborate and most criticized places of worship. Although condemned by leaders of religious thought throughout the United States she still has a tremendous following. Wherever she goes and whatever she says is always news to America's sensation seeking pressmen

A WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD: Mlle Helène Boucher leaving her 'plane at Orly Aerodrome, Paris, after reaching a height of 6,000 metres and beating the woman's light 'plane record set up by an American woman at Clair, Michigan, in 1931. Mlle Boucher's machine weighs only 800 lb. and is equipped with a 60 h.p. motor. She took off at 9.20. a.m. and made the new record in a little over two hours



WAITING FOR NEWS: Madame Codos, Mlle Rossi, Madame Rossi, and the mother of M. Rossi at Le Bourget Aerodrome. The two airmen, whose venture was a private enterprise, left New York at 10.41 a.m. on Saturday and landed at Rayak, near Damascus, at 5.25 p.m. on Monday evening, having flown non-stop a total distance of 5,911½ miles. They thus beat the world's non-stop long distance record, set up by Britain only six months ago, by over 570 miles. Their machine, *Joseph le Brix*, has a 600 h.p. engine and a speed of 150 miles an hour

A BRITISH PROSELYTE

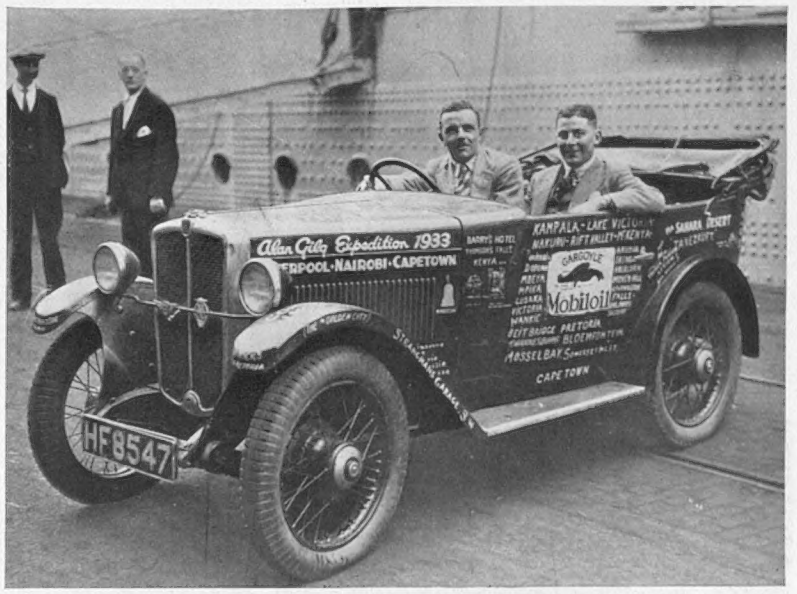
Sheffield Girl Converted to the Hindu Faith

DR. MOONGE anointing the forehead of Mrs. Jessie Patkar (formerly Miss Medley) during the ceremony at Chalk Farm last week which made her a full convert to the Hindu faith

MRS. PATKAR, waving lights to the god Vishnu during her conversion at Chalk Farm. Standing next to her is her young Indian husband

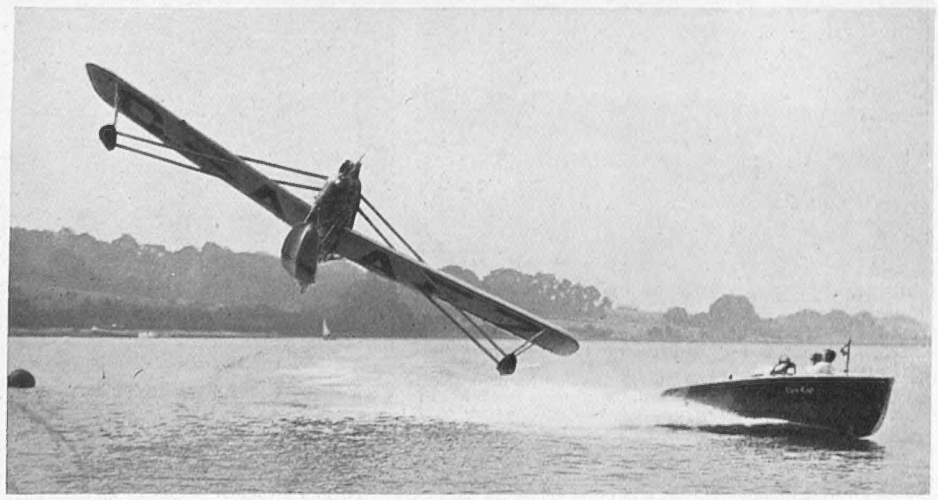
PROSTRATE BEFORE THE HOLY FIRE: Mr. and Mrs. Patkar taking part in the last part of the ceremony which made this young British girl a member of her husband's faith and a full Hindu

Eighteen months ago Mr. Ghanesh Ramchandra Patkar, the twenty-three-year-old son of a Bombay millionaire, came to England to study engineering. A few months after his arrival he met Miss Jessie Womack Medley, a twenty-three-year-old Sheffield girl, the daughter of a Master Cutler. The couple fell in love, and last autumn they were married. On August 3, a further link between husband and wife was made when Mrs. Patkar was admitted with elaborate ceremonial as a full convert to the Hindu faith. The ceremony, which was held at Chalk Farm, was conducted by Dr. Moonge, President of the Hindu Maha Sabha, and Dr. K. V. Mulbagala, who chanted the Vedic verses. The elaborate ceremonial of the service and the conventional furnishings of the little suburban home in which it took place provided an amazing and probably unique contrast



Left—TWO UNUSUAL MOTORING ADVENTURES: Nine graduates of Massachusetts Institute of Technology seen at the Marconiphone headquarters in London this week after completing a 5,000 mile tour of the principal European manufacturing centres. They made the journey in a lorry, and, during the seven weeks of their tour, spent the time studying modern methods of manufacture and salesmanship. *Above*—MESSRS. KAY AND GILL seen at Southampton after their return from a motor tour through Africa and the Sahara. The adventurers crossed the perilous and almost waterless Tanezruft territory, and by easy stages went South through Northern and Southern Rhodesia to Cape Town. The various places through which they passed are marked on the side of their Morris car, which put up a wonderful performance over country which was at times almost impassable

WARNING TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS: A week-end deadlock on Countisbury Hill, Lynmouth, Devon one of the West Country's most formidable car climbs. The drivers of this motorbus and touring car aggravated their difficulties by becoming interlocked half-way up the hill. They were eventually separated without any damage other than the loss of paint, and possibly tempers, on both sides

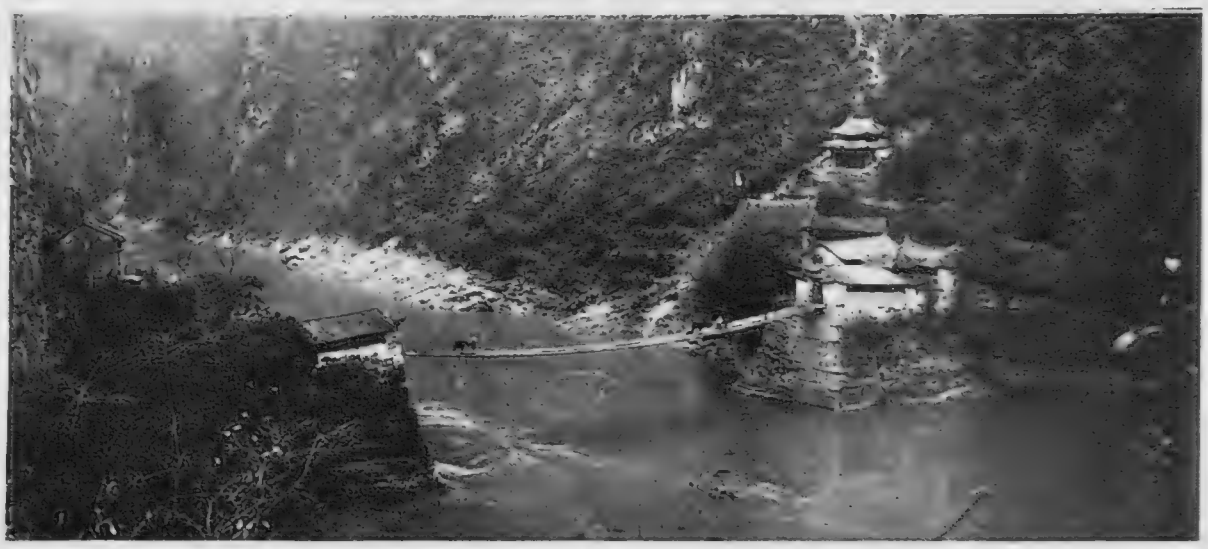


THE SEAPLANE SETS THE PACE: A thrilling moment during a trial run in preparation for the Rochester Rally. Mr. Arthur Bray, driving a speedboat, is seen following a racing seaplane piloted by Mr. Lancaster Parker

THE BRIDGE OF THE TWO DRAGONS: One of the cable bridges peculiar to the Chinese province of Yunnan. It has a guard house of the type common to this river. One cable portion is shown on the left. That on the right spans the Salween River

BRIDGES of REMOTE CHINA

A correspondent sends these fascinating pictures of bridges over the little-known Salween River, a dangerous and torrential stream of Chinese Yunnan. It is spanned by three iron cable suspension structures peculiar to South-west China. Higher up the river are a number of jungle rope bridges made by the natives, who are few in number, owing to the pestilent mists which enshroud the valley in the summer time



ANOTHER CABLE BRIDGE OVER THE SALWEEN: This is slung between two strong stone piers, each surmounted by bridge houses. Passengers with their mounts were crossing when this picture was taken

THE CABLE SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT THE LITTLE WALLED TOWN OF YANG PI: This structure is of the suspension type characteristic of this district of remote China. It is 50 yards long and carries a 10-ft. roadway of planks laid upon a dozen cables. It sways alarmingly when in use, and never more than three laden mules are allowed to cross at one time. There is again a bridge house at each end. Yang Pi is an interesting point on the Ambassador's Road along which tribute used to be borne from Burma to Pekin

AN OUTRIGGED DUGOUT CANOE OF BALI: This sturdy craft, known as a "jukong," is roughly hollowed from timber grown in the mountains. The finishing work is carried out by expert craftsmen in the coastal villages, who make the boats seaworthy and decorate them in the traditional style. Note the tapering beak and slender backward-curving horn

THE FEAST OF THE SEA GODS: The animated scene on festival day in Bali. The men carry spears and great golden-domed sunshades, while the women turn out for the occasion in their gayest clothes

ART OF THE BOAT-BUILDER: Forms of decorative design on the bows of these "jukongs" vary in each different village. The craftsman of this boat evidently had an eye for the grotesque

A FULL-LENGTH VIEW OF A BALI "JUKONG" showing the graceful sweep of the stern and the finely-tapered horn. In the larger boats these are often exquisitely carved and painted

THE BOATS OF BALI

Among the Fisherfolk of the Malay Archipelago

By P. COLLINS

Of the old rites of Bali, one of the most striking is the feast of the sea gods. From the temple a gay procession moves slowly down to the sea to the lively melody of an orchestra of drums, gongs, and other percussion instruments. After the music comes the escort of the gods: men carrying spears flashing in the sun with fluttering pennants, and great golden-domed sun-shades on 10-ft. poles. At their backs, thrust into their sarongs, are krises with sinuate blades and glittering hilts.

A beautifully-carved litter follows, brightly painted and gleaming with gold leaf, in which are carried two small images arrayed in gala clothes. Files of slender women glide by, heads erect and long arms swinging from their supple bodies with smooth, effortless grace. They have put on their gayest sarongs; they wear yellow sashes round their waists and sweet-scented flowers in their hair. On their heads they bear high-piled offerings of fruit, roast pork and ducks, and countless other delicacies: food for the gods of the sea.

As they approach the shore the rhythm of the drums quickens. A chant, started by the escort of the gods, is taken up by the brilliant crowd as they move round the row of outrigged dugouts drawn up on the beach. A halt is made, while with reverent ceremony the gods are taken down to the sea.

After the pamangkus have performed their old traditional rites, the boats are encircled once more. The beat of drums and gongs grows louder and louder, until with a deafening detonation of crackers and roar of shouting the spears and sun-shades are placed in the sterns of the boats. The gods have had a chance to take what food they want, and the feasting begins.

At sunset the crowd moves slowly away. Not all of them escort the gods back to the temple. Some seem to have eaten too much to keep pace even with the slow old pamangku, and some are happily filled with the native drinks made from rice and palms. And not a few young couples have run away laughing into the bushes. Others who came to the feast by sea paddle away to the west, the high-curved sterns of their boats silhouetted black against the red-gold sky.

Jukongs, the outrigged dugout canoes of Bali, are roughly hollowed out in the mountains, where the timber grows from which they are made. They are then brought down to the coast to be finished by expert craftsmen who, besides making them seaworthy, give them lines of unusual beauty. In the bows are a tapering beak and a slender, backward-curving horn. The curve of the beak is carried through to the stern, from which the tail rises high in a graceful sweep, while forward of the tail is another finely tapered horn, over 8 ft. high in the larger boats, and often exquisitely carved and painted.

But forms of decorative design vary at different places on the coast. Sometimes the boat-builder deserts the *motif* of sheer beauty of line, and aims at a grotesque portrayal of a fish or some mythical sea monster with staring eyes.

The marlin swordfish abounds in Bali waters and often finds its way into the fishermen's nets at night. Though it will provide a great number of meals it is considered to be more of a nuisance than a lucky catch. For as the nets are not made to hold fish of its size and weight many hours have to be spent in repairing the damage it has done.

A swordfish soon makes himself felt when he is trapped in the net. In the violence of his struggles to escape he may leap out of the water with the net entangled in his mouth and fins. The fisherman's object is to spear him as soon as possible with a hardwood lance, as he wants to kill the fish before he can do any more damage to the net. But if he pulls in his lines at once the swordfish may leap on to the narrow dugout and sink it; or at the very least he is likely to smash the bamboo outriggers and capsize the boat.

A "SPHERE" SURVEY

At a Bardic Festival—R.A.F. Bombers on the North-West Frontier

MISTLETOE FOR THE CROWD AT A BRETON BARDIC FESTIVAL: Last week a picturesque ceremony took place at Roc'h al Laz (the big rock) not far from Prestin-les-Greves, when Gorsedd delegations from Wales, Scotland, and Brittany held their congress before a gaily-dressed crowd largely composed of Breton peasants

THE SHEPHERD'S HORN FILLED WITH MISTLETOE: This, the bardic symbol of peace, is being held aloft by one of the bards assembled at Roc'h al Laz, where the Gorsedd delegations met last week

FIRE FROM THE EARTH IN TRANSYLVANIA: Flames leaping 900 ft. into the air have been drawing people from miles around to the Copsa region of Transylvania. Within a radius of over six miles, towns and villages are as light by night as by day. The fire is due to the ignition of inflammable gases emanating from the crater of an extinct volcano, and far from yielding to attempts to extinguish it, appears to be increasing in volume. The flames have fortunately been confined to one large vent

R.A.F. BOMBERS OVER HIMALAYAN HEIGHTS: The task of flying over the foothills and heights of the Himalayas is not a new one to the flying officers of the R.A.F. During last year a flight of over 286 miles was made from Risalpur to Gilgit in 2 hr. 20 min. Some interesting notes on the subject appear in the *Himalayan Journal*, Vol. 5., published a few months ago. During the present disturbance on the North-West Frontier, R.A.F. bombers are proving invaluable as a means of subduing the recalcitrant tribesmen who are defying the British authorities from the fastnesses of the Bajauri territory

IN HISTORIC SCOTLAND: The 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with Shetland pony mascot, in front of Holyrood Palace, redolent of memories of Mary Queen of Scots and Charles Stuart. This kilted regiment is marching to the sound of the pipes, generally regarded as the national music of Scotland, but really belonging to and characteristic of the Highlands

STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?

Have her People Surrendered their Pristine Individuality or will Scotland Revive Again to Take her Place as an Independent Nation among the Smaller States of Western Europe? The Nationalist Point of View

By MICHAEL MURRAY

If you had asked the average Scotsman at the end of the last century whether his country was going to survive, he would probably not have bothered to answer what would have seemed to him a foolishly provocative question. Nowadays, if you were to tackle the average intelligent Scot under middle age in the same way, you would meet with a very different reception. Some would answer with an emphatic "No," adding "and a good thing too. What right has a so small and already weakened unit as Scotland to resist the movement towards internationalism in which lies the future hope of the world?" Others would be doubtful and depressed. "Perhaps not," they would admit. "I'm afraid it does look as if at long last we are losing our national life. Our old individuality is going. It's sad; but there it is, and there is nothing to do about it except to put out the lights and go to sleep." A third kind (and even their opponents would admit that amongst them are to be found some of the most vital and interesting people in Scotland) would say, "Well, Scotland may go the way of other nations before her, but not until some of us put up a damned good fight for her and all that she has built up within her own boundaries of space, life, and culture. Aren't we just as likely to win as to lose?" All three answers, however, would have admitted one thing, and that is that the national life of Scotland is showing signs of a more serious attack upon its existence than at any other time since she created herself into a unit of Europe.

All this may be very disturbing and unpleasant, but there are many of us in Scotland who would look upon this sudden questioning and assertion of Scotland's right to live as a healthy sign. We would claim, indeed, that it is far more healthy than the placid state of mind which existed in the nineteenth-century Scotland, when everything was taken for granted, and we Scots lay back comfortably enjoying ourselves in the heritage that our forefathers had won for us with such bitter struggles of mind and body, regardless whether that heritage was slipping away from all around us.

What an assured (I had almost said self-satisfied) place Scotland was then! The great industries of the West were working full blast. The Clyde hand had built up a reputation for himself as being in many ways the finest worker in the world. Glasgow was a huge growing city, palpitating with a rich, characteristic life all its own, as individually Glasgow as is the Cockney life individually London. Money poured in and out of it daily. The rich men of the city bought pictures; helped to found a school of painting that became internationally famous. They encouraged music, the arts, travelled, and spent money with a lavish hand. All the time they were proud of being Glasgow men, and preserved for the most part the sing-song speech of the ordinary Glasgow folk. In their wealth and ease they conversed as equals with the great men of London, while they laughed at the prim pride and poverty of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh itself, though it affected to despise Glasgow's wealth and vulgarity, was really quite comfortably off. The professional men, the pensioned widows, the gentlemen of private means, all had incomes fully adequate to support a life of easy gentility. The other towns in Scotland reflected in a varying degree these two attitudes, and even in farming—that Cinderella of British industries—the Scotsman was pleasantly conscious that he had built up a reputation that had passed far beyond the Border. All this time the traditions of Scotland—the General Assembly, the Highland Games, the New Year's Eve festivities in town and country, the neglect of Christmas, the Liberal heritage, the cult of independence, hardihood and thrift, the belief that the British Empire was run by Scotsmen and the boast that at the head of every department you would find a Scotsman, and the many other individual habits and customs of thought, speech, and life which have been associated with our race—continued to be supported by the wave of material prosperity which was sweeping over the world at that time, and nowhere more thoroughly than over Great Britain. Those who believed in those traditions did not for the most part stop to think that the real life behind those traditions was going; that despite the fact that Scottish industries were in a flourishing condition one day the inevitable call for centralization would draw the money South; that snobbery, for once in advance of money, was sending its children to be educated in England; that Edinburgh, once a proud, hard, aloof, and austere capital of a Northern country, was becoming more and more dependent upon London for every whim of fashion. In other words, Scotland was blinded by the accident of Victorian wealth and Victorian romanticism, so that it did not realize that if it wished to be a unit at all in the world (as indeed it proudly claimed itself to be) that unit was losing life every year.

Post-War restlessness touched Scotland as it touched the rest of Europe, but it began to touch it more poignantly and more quickly, for almost immediately after the War there began that drift to the South of money and industry which was for Scotland merely a warning of the crisis to come, and suddenly the young people of the North were faced with the problem of whether the country to which they had always supposed they belonged had any real existence at all, and whether indeed Scotland was not merely a rather individual Northern province of Great Britain—a province which perhaps exported a number of talented administrators every year, but which even by that exportation was yearly losing the very life-blood of its existence.

I have already mentioned in a broad sort of way the three principal answers to the question which most young Scotsmen would give to-day, and as one who still hopes (perhaps more than hopes, believes) that there is a future for the most ancient kingdom in Europe and for the country which has played so large a part in the destinies of Europe, I believe that the fact that a number of young people in Scotland have bitterly realized the increasing weakness of their own country is a good thing. It has forced into being a number of movements which are in certain ways ridiculous, in certain ways pathetic, and in other ways admirable. It has produced a kind of desperate self-consciousness in Scotsmen which is at once an easy target for the caricaturist in pen or in pencil, but at the same time these young Scots people would ask "If one is not going to be conscious of oneself, what on earth is one to be conscious of?" The National Movement has shown itself perhaps most prominently in politics and in literature. Both good and bad literature has been produced under the impetus of the National Movement, and both effectual and ineffectual politics have also resulted. In the pre-War days there was little literature or journalism that could be called distinctly Scottish or accentuated by a sense of Scotland; the pawky stories and novels produced by the "Kailyard" school of literature really were little more than journalism hanging on to the skirts of Harry Lauder, and the pseudo-romanticism was really an ever-weakening tradition derived from Robert Louis Stevenson.

Recently there have been some almost too desperately serious Scottish books and Scottish journalism. The poetry of Hugh McDiarmid and his *alter ego*, C. M. Grieve, provide perhaps the most obvious and striking examples that come to mind, but there are a number of other younger writers, and older ones too, whose works betray a violent preoccupation with the fact of Scotland.

In politics the position is rather more strange. There is not one Scottish Nationalist Member of Parliament, and yet the activities of this party have been largely responsible, for instance, in reducing all the five candidates at a recent by-election to pledge themselves in favour of Scottish Home Rule. Unquestionably, the most enthusiastic, if the most inexperienced, of the political campaigners in the by-elections of the last half-dozen years have been the Scottish Nationalists.

What is going to be the outcome of all this? Has Scotland surrendered her individuality so far that there is no hope, or will she revive again to take her place amongst the smaller States of Western Europe, amongst a council of nations which is the ideal of the modern Nationalist? Will modern transport, modern wireless, modern cinema, and modern snobbery succeed in wiping out the remains of an ancient form of culture, or will the mere fact that they have been so grievously threatened manage to arouse a sense of opposition which will re-animate the country again? If so, there are serious problems which await those who propose to guide Scotland's future. How are they going to meet the ravages of the nineteenth century, emigration, and the depopulation of the Highlands? Will they attempt to revive Scotland's industries, or will they rather turn towards the Irish ideal of making Scotland a country self-supporting in its own meagre but self-sufficient way? Will the eternal love for schism and internal strife that has so far been Scotland's bane ever be quelled, or will Scotland be able to exploit that love for individualism in her people; indeed, a sense of individualism for Scotland's own sake, so that she herself will become an individual and a unit in Europe once again?

No one can answer these problems, however Nationalist or anti-Nationalist they may be. But one thing is certain, and that is that with all its trials and tribulations, with all the unemployment and restlessness that have followed the post-War years, Scotland is an exciting country to be in at the moment. It is a country that is making a struggle for existence, and however bitter that struggle may be it is a thousand times better than a life of placid ease and comfort based on essential insecurity.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

LONDON TO-DAY

Picture by William Davis

"AROUND THE MARBLE ARCH": A view of Messrs. Lyons' new Cumberland Hotel taken by the infra red process from the topmost point of the roof of Hereford House. The Cumberland, which is due to be opened in the autumn, will include a Maison Lyons Corner House, while the Marble Arch Underground Station in the basement will provide visitors with excellent facilities for getting about London. The excavations, seen in the foreground, are being made for another great block of buildings. *Below*—BOW BELLS RING OUT AGAIN: The famous peal of twelve bells has now been restored and corrected in tune. This picture was taken after the dedication ceremony by the Archbishop of Canterbury

SURGICAL OPERATIONS ON THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS: The famous Gothic-style structure has for some time past been undergoing a thorough overhaul, and many pieces of statuary and heavy masonry which have become dangerous have had to be removed to a place of safety. In the background Big Ben is seen enveloped in tubular steel scaffolding

LONDON REPAIRS THE RAVAGES OF THE SEASON: While all who can are making for the Continent and the coast, the road repairers are at work in the West End on the necessary improvements which can only be made conveniently during the least busy months of the year

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S RING OUT AFTER A SILENCE OF SIX YEARS: Some of the 500 ringers who attended the famous church for an opening service following the re-dedication of the bells by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The restoration, which was made possible through the generosity of Mr. Gordon Selfridge, included the re-casting of five cracked bells and three trebles and the re-tuning of the whole peal of twelve. The veteran ringer at the service was Mr. Joseph Waghorn of New Southgate, who has been ringing for over seventy years

GOANESE CHRISTIANS CLEANING A CHURCH : The interior decoration of the Goanese churches is made up of extraordinary blends of Eastern and Western forms of art. Note the Indian influence upon the pulpit

LITTLE INDIAN SACRISTANS IN GOA: These two native boys of Southern India are dressed in the conventional garb of the Western Church. This picture was taken before mass on a Sunday morning

GATHERED ROUND A GOANESE HEARTH : It is at such an hour that Goanese stories are told relating frequently to ancient Dravidian demon worship, and old time customs which have come down through the centuries

OLD GOANESE BUILDINGS rising from the dense forest country surrounding Goa. The colony is full of the remains of old ecclesiastical buildings erected by the early Portuguese pioneers

IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC FAMILY CIRCLE IN GOA: If a European visitor is expected the family gather round and the women folk don European dress. Some of the men shown in this picture have just returned from the rice fields

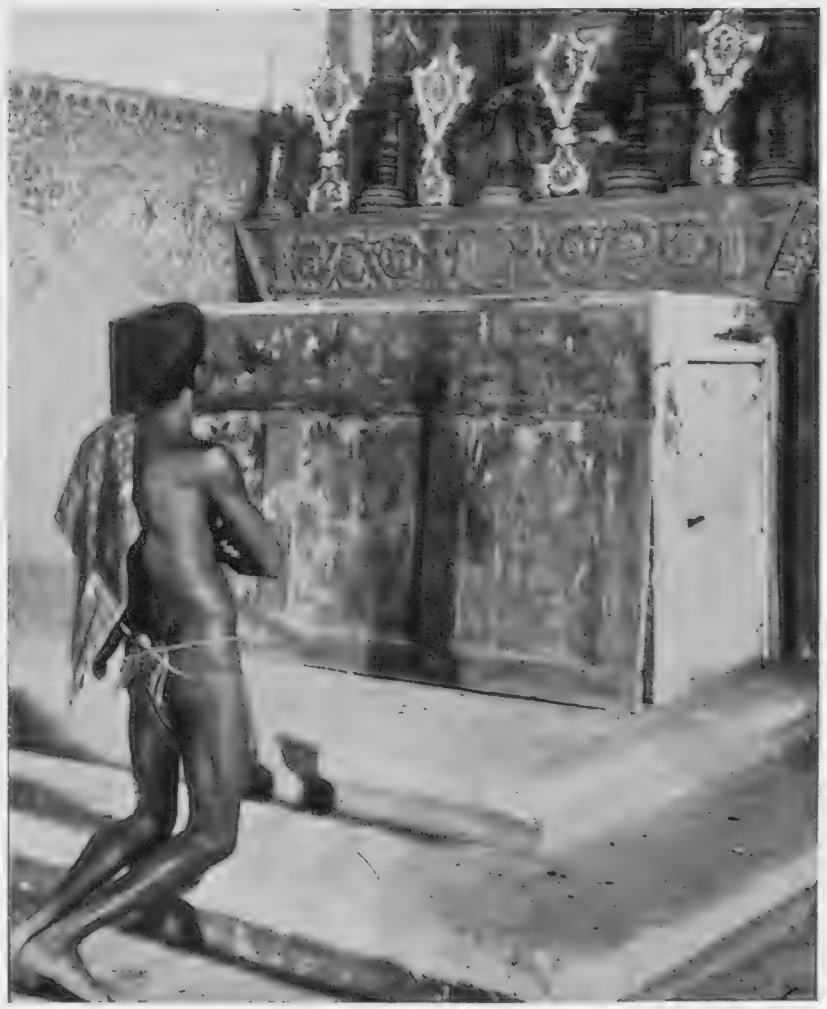
On these pages an attempt is made to visualize the very interesting condition of affairs which exist at Goa, the Portuguese settlement on the coast of Southern India. A strange blend

IN OLD GOA

DOMESTIC ALTARS IN GOANESE HOUSEHOLDS: Even the poorest clay huts boast a little altar such as the one shown here. A statuette of the Virgin is visible on the left. Pictures of the Virgin also decorate the walls

THE MANTILLA THAT STILL PERSISTS FROM EARLY COLONIAL DAYS: This young Indian woman wears her black lace headdress with ease

AN INDIAN PAINTER'S SAN SEBASTIAN: This large wall picture in one of the Goanese Cathedrals shows an Indian youth suffering martyrdom. The framework is Italianate, but the detail of the composition is full of Indian suggestion



A GOANESE INDIAN KNEELS BEFORE THE ALTAR: The climate of Goa is intensely hot and the natives in consequence wear but little clothing. Two simple wooden crates appear before the altar proper

of Indian art with local Roman Catholic practice is everywhere visible. Some further pictures and notes appear on the following page.

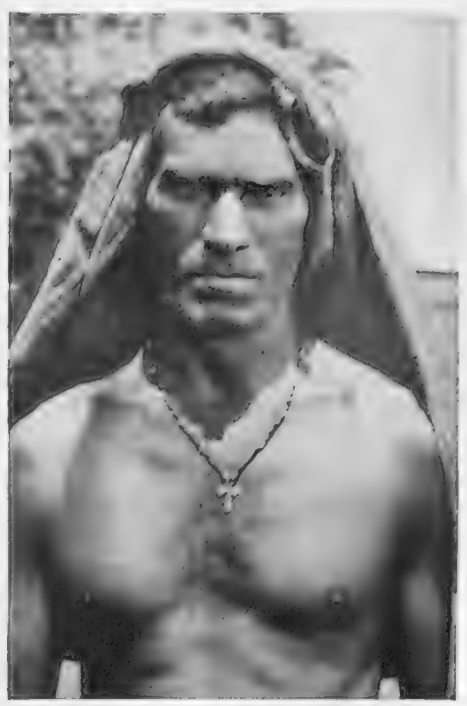
THE HALL OF THE GOVERNMENT PALACE, GOA: Of the once glorious Portuguese Colonial Empire very little is left to-day beyond the tradition. This Portuguese officer is standing beneath the portraits of former Governors of the Colony

THE ARCHBISHOP OF GOA: A new portrait of the present holder of the office. He is also Primate of India, one of the most important positions in the Roman Catholic Church of the East

WESTERN ARCHITECTURE IN AN EASTERN SETTING: One of Goa's Roman Catholic parish churches. Many of these magnificent edifices still survive and are largely attended by the native Christian population

LADIES OF FASHION: The native Christians to-day constitute a very large proportion of Goa's population and, both in dress and in manners, attempt to emulate the white inhabitants

INDIAN ROMAN CATHOLICS of Goa returning after their day's work in the rice fields. The pelerines, reaching down to the ankles, form a protection against the rains of the monsoon. These same people delight in dressing themselves on Sunday in European style



A JUNGLE CHRISTIAN: A poor farmer seen in Goa after his return from the jungle. His entire wardrobe consists of a monsoon pelerine and a cross on his chest

PORTUGUESE INDIA

The Glory and the Splendour of Old Goa

By ARTHUR DUNCAN

The Church of Rome speaks with more authority from Goa than from any other part of India. This island on the Arabian Sea coast was the first Christian colony in India.

The ancient Hindu city of Goa, of which hardly a fragment remains, was famous in early Hindu legend and history. In later years it became the principal port of the Sultan of Bijapur, one of the Moslem kingdoms of the Deccan. Alfonso de Albuquerque captured Goa for Portugal in 1510. There were constant hostilities with Bijapur and clashes of opinion with Lisbon, but Albuquerque's advice to King Manoel of Portugal to "hold on to Goa until the Day of Judgment" has prevailed.

Albuquerque wanted not only a naval base in India, but also a colony, and he brought about marriages between the lower ranks of his troops and Moslem and Hindu women, thus creating the Portuguese half-caste who is now known as a Goanese.

The Senegalese have a very drastic proverb concerning *café au lait* as a human brew, but the Portuguese did not regard these marriages with disfavour; the mother of Albuquerque's own son was a negress.

Goa attained its greatest prosperity at the end of the sixteenth century. The accounts of travellers show that it then presented a scene of military, ecclesiastical, and commercial magnificence never equalled in British India. Its decline was largely due to the Dutch and to the union with Spain in the seventeenth century, whereby the smaller country was dragged into the quarrels of the larger.

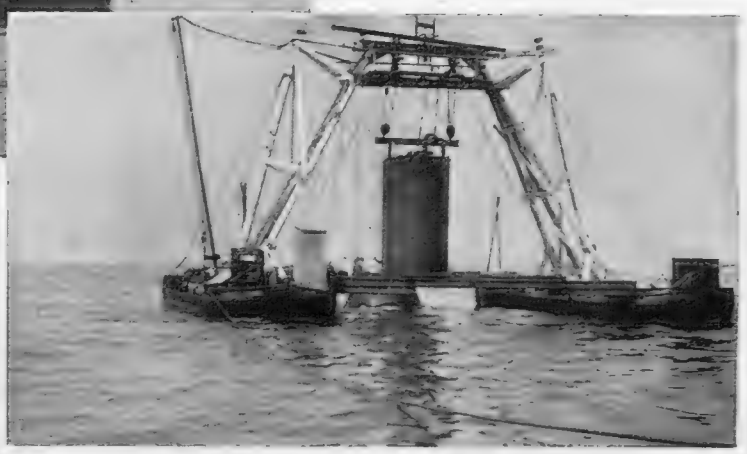
To-day Goa consists of the *Velhas Conquistas*, or Old Conquests, and the *Novas Conquistas*, or New Conquests. The former were acquired in the first half of the sixteenth century, the latter date from the second half of the eighteenth century. In the Old Conquests the majority of the inhabitants are Christians, mostly Roman Catholics, but Hindus are more numerous in the New Conquests.

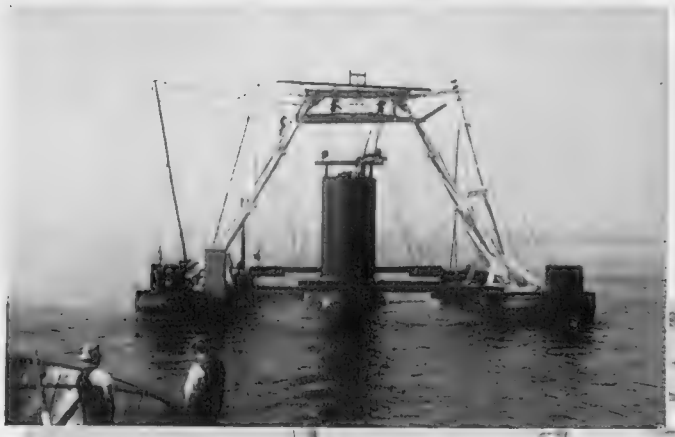
The Portuguese went to India more as Crusaders than traders and used compulsion to obtain conversions to Christianity. There are still numerous churches in Goa, and the ruins of many more, most of them built by the Jesuits and Franciscans before the extinction of religious orders in Portuguese territory. Not infrequently Moslem mosques and Hindu temples were converted into churches. Old Goa, as the ruins of the old capital are called, had a hundred churches. Among the buildings that survive are the majestic cathedral founded by Albuquerque in 1511, where services are held regularly every day; the Convent of St. Francis, a converted mosque; the Chapel of St. Catherine, dating from 1551, and the splendid Church of Bom Jesus, built at the end of the sixteenth century and containing the magnificent tomb over the remains of St. Francis Xavier. The Convent of St. Francis, which was rebuilt in 1661, has a portal of carved black stone, the only relic of Portuguese architecture in India belonging to the first quarter of the sixteenth century.

New Goa or Panjim became the residence of the Viceroy in 1759, and the capital of Portuguese India in 1843. The Archbishop's palace is there, and many modern public buildings.

The Goanese have taken the high-sounding names of old Portuguese families, and habitually dress in European clothes, but they go barefooted or wear slippers. They are a peaceful people, and are to be found all over India, where they are employed as clerks, cooks, waiters, and musicians. They pick up English readily and speak it fluently. Their own language, it is said, is a mixture of Portuguese and some of the Indian vernaculars.

In SEARCH of the "LUTINE'S" GOLD

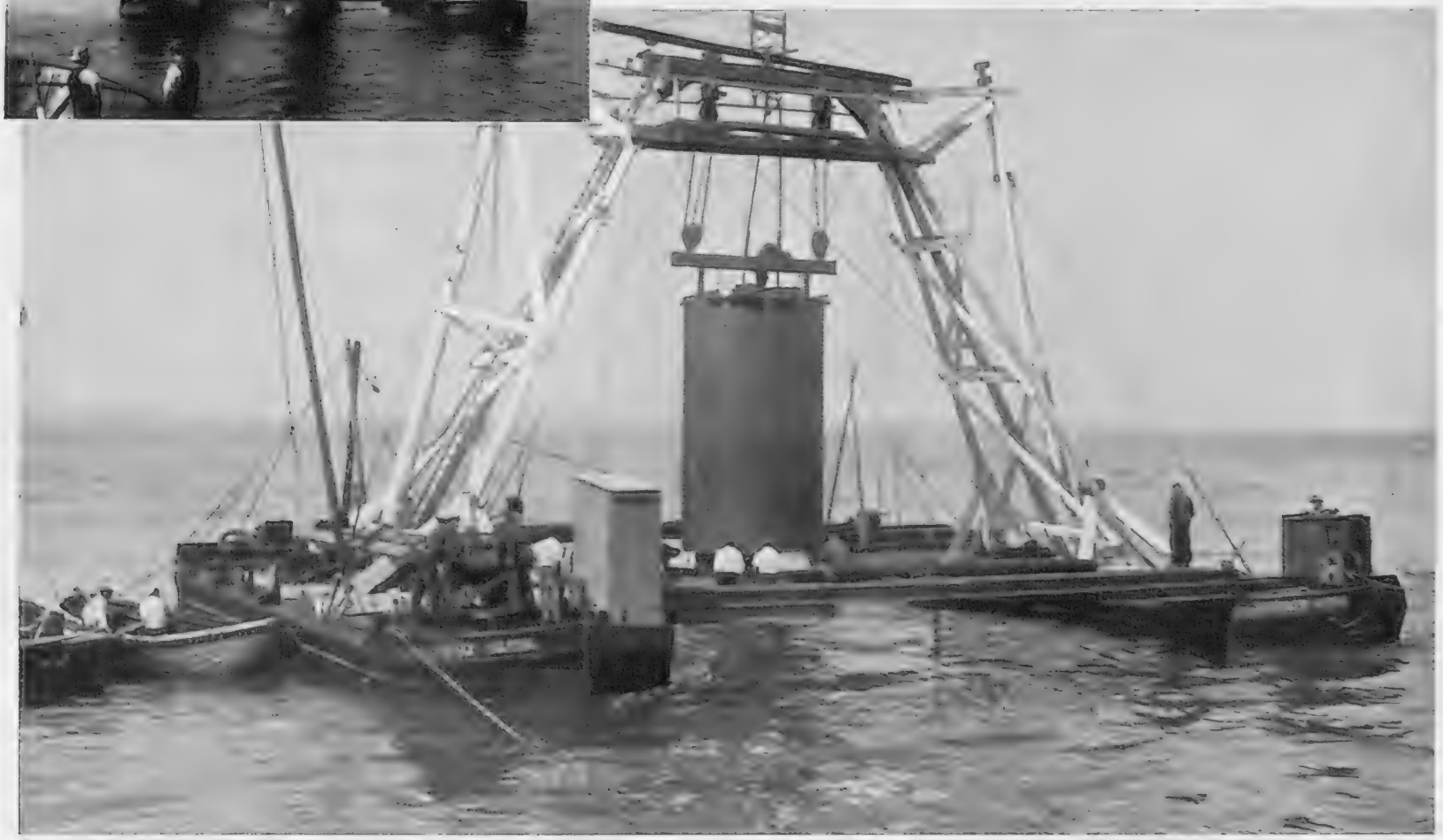




THE TUG BOAT "HOLLAND" at anchor after towing the steel cylinder to the scene of the wreck

Left — The steel cylinder in position

Right — Fitting the upper cylinder on to the lower caisson



THE TOWER FINALLY ERECTED ABOVE THE WRECK OF "LA LUTINE": The mechanism consists of two main sections. The lower portion is in the shape of a cone and now rests upon the sea bed immediately above, it is hoped, the gold chamber of *La Lutine*. The upper portion consists of a cylindrical drum fitting on to the top of the cone. 36 ft. of sand have to be removed by mechanism in the lower chamber

The accompanying series of pictures, taken with great difficulty by a "Sphere" correspondent in Holland, illustrate the latest attempt to recover the £2,000,000 treasure from the wrecked British frigate *La Lutine*. The engineers in charge of the task have built in sections a big cylindrical tower which, with the aid of a crane poised between two lighters, they have sunk to the ocean bed immediately above the wreck. When weather conditions allow, the tower will be emptied of its load of sand and water, and it is hoped that it will then be possible to reach the gold with little difficulty. An account of this amazing undertaking was published in the July 29 issue of "The Sphere"

THE TUG BOAT "HOLLAND" GUARDS THE CYLINDER FROM DAMAGE: A general view of the scene off the Dutch coast after the engineers had prepared their intricate plant for the final and vital task of pumping out the water

FROM ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

RATHER A HOT MATTER THESE AUGUST DAYS—THE QUESTION OF TITHES: A bailiff has taken up his quarters in a tent on the field of wheat belonging to Mrs. Waspe, a sixty-nine-years-old widow, at Ringshall, Suffolk, and is waiting until the crops are ripe and ready for sale. A guard of three policemen is with the bailiff

A KENTISH HOP FIELD WAITING FOR THE PICKERS: The great Kentish hop fields are in full bloom for the opening of the hop-picking season when thousands of London families go to the fields for their "annual working holiday." It is the little pale green cones which are gathered and taken to the drying kilns

RUSKIN'S LAKESIDE HOME TO BECOME A MUSEUM: The great Victorian's old home, "Brantwood," on Coniston Water, has been acquired by Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, warden of Bembridge School, Isle of Wight, on behalf of the Education Trust and other interested persons. The house will include a museum of Ruskin's drawings, books, and manuscripts, and will be used as a conference centre

NOISING ABROAD A COMING-OF-AGE: The Marquis of Normanby came of age a few days ago and there were appropriate celebrations at Mulgrave Castle. The Marquis upheld an old Yorkshire custom by firing gunpowder from an anvil, with a red hot bar from the smithy

STONE SLABS FOR COTSWOLD ROOFS: The Council for the Preservation of Rural England is appealing to builders to retain the characteristics of the Cotswold villages by erecting new houses with the steeply pitched roofs covered with Cotswold stone tiles. The stone, which is found in various parts of Gloucestershire, has to be quarried in the winter and left for the frost to play its part. Without this it cannot be split in the proper fashion

One illustration on this page deals with a matter which produces considerable heat in certain localities even during the holiday month. The fact that the local bailiff has taken up his residence in a tent on this Suffolk farmland is evidence of the difficulties of the tithe question at the present time. The roots of the matter go far back into history. In the old days, tithe was paid in kind to the Church, which possessed large tithe barns in which to store its share of the produce of the neighbouring lands. Since the commutation of 1836, tithe has been paid in the form of a tithe rent-charge.

Mr. George Middleton, chairman of the Tithe Committee of Queen Anne's Bounty, writes:

"Admittedly, in many cases agricultural landowners have had a bad time, especially when they purchased in years of high prices, but the Bounty view is that in making temporary concessions in the depressed areas in the really hard cases they are meeting the situation much better and more effectively than would result from any alteration of the Act. Where a good farmer is fighting with his back to the wall, it is the Governors' endeavour to keep him in business if possible by making an appropriate concession.

"The real remedy is to make agriculture pay, and in this matter there can be no doubt that the Government are definitely improving the situation. As one example, under the Wheat Act growers have received to date over £2,500,000, in addition to the market price already paid. The whole ecclesiastical tithe of England is not more than £2,000,000."

"MANY WATERS"

IN THE SEA AT SOUTHSEA: These holiday-makers discovered an ideal way of keeping cool during the heat wave, but presented a new problem for the ticket collector

THE LURE OF LAKELAND: A view of Wast Water and the Screes—a rugged and unspoiled beauty spot and a favourite haunt of those engaged on walking tours in Cumberland

ONCE A SUNKEN GARDEN, now a delightful open-air swimming pool. Bathing in a sylvan setting at Great Fosters, Egham, the lovely Elizabethan home which has now been converted into an up-to-date country resort. The water swing is a great attraction among visitors

A NEW PASTIME FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS: A visitor at Hove trying her skill with the new water floats which have just been introduced on the front

A HIGH DIVE into the swimming pool which forms part of the new club of the R.A.F. Reserve at Hatfield. Note the hangars and the assembled 'planes in the background

THE SMASHED MOLLISON 'PLANE SEEN FROM THE AIR: How the *Seafarer* landed just at the head of a little tidal waterway in the marshlands bordering Long Island Sound. The machine must have run in from the right, smashed its undercarriage, and fallen over on its back

THE UPPER STRUCTURE OF THE "SEAFARER": This picture, taken when the Mollison 'plane was setting out from Pendine Sands, shows that the upper part of her fuselage had no projecting glass cabin which would inevitably have smashed inwards when the *Seafarer* tilted on her nose

THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF THE MOLLISONS: The forward structure of the fuselage is shown in this night picture obtained on the marsh ground near Bridgeport Aerodrome. The crumpled condition of this section of the 'plane makes it seem almost a miracle that Mrs. Mollison was able to extricate herself so quickly and rescue her husband from his perilous position

PROGRESS OF THE EMPIRE'S POSTAL AIR SERVICE: The Indian Transcontinental Airways liner, *Arethusa*, seen at Calcutta Aerodrome after her arrival with the first all-air mail from England. Previously letters had been distributed from Karachi by train

ON LANDING AT STRANGE AERODROMES

Some Questions Raised by the Mollisons' Disaster and other Flying Matters

By GRANVILLE CONWAY

It is a thousand pities that the Mollisons' flight should have terminated so abruptly in the ill-fated crash at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Out of the welter of confused and confusing accounts which followed this unlucky event some few facts emerge which are worth a little attention. The first is that it is no use landing at an aerodrome not properly equipped for night-landing. Mrs. Mollison herself will have agreed with this if there is any truth in the report that she bitterly lamented not stopping at Boston where there was plenty of light. One of those little remarks, spontaneous, and made in the first flush of disappointment perhaps before one has really considered what one will say, but caught up nevertheless by eager ears. Unquestionably this is where the error of judgment occurred, in risking the whole flight for an extra 130 miles. The crash shows the necessity for altering plans at the last moment, even if this means an unheralded welcome, and forsaking the finish absolutely so as to be within the margin of safety. The extra hop can be done next morning, even if it is only a question of twenty or thirty miles. Especially ought the Mollisons to have considered this in view of their petrol shortage. They didn't, so *hinc illæ lacrimæ*.

Secondly, there is the fact that on Mr. Mollison's record trip to the Cape he was hampered over the Sahara by difficulty in seeing, and at Cape Town overshot the aerodrome completely, landing on the beach and running the machine into the sea. Is there some ground for believing that undue physical strain causes a definite weakness in Mr. Mollison's sight? Most reports from America seem to confirm that he was terribly tired and could hardly keep his eyes open, though fatigue as the cause of the crash was indignantly denied by Mrs. Mollison. Certainly, in this flight they had an extremely tough time with fog and cloud on a very rough course, much rougher, on account of head winds, from East to West than from West to East. Mr. Mollison has done so much in the way of record establishing that it is perhaps time for him to have a really good rest from the accumulated strain of so many long distance flights. There is after all a limit to human endurance.

Unfavourable comparison has been drawn, on this score of faulty eyesight due to fatigue, between J. A. Mollison and the one-eyed Wiley Post. I hope it will be remembered that the *Winnie Mae* was equipped with an automatic pilot, which makes long distance flying to an experienced pilot little more than child's play. In fog or cloud an apparatus which keeps the machine on a true course is hardly likely to subject the human pilot to the same strain which he undergoes in the same conditions if his aeroplane has no such device. All his faculties are then absorbed in unceasing concentration and vigilance unrelieved from anxiety. One hundred miles of such flying mechanically unaided uses as much energy as 1,000 of the other sort.

And here let me say that I have no patience any longer with machines destined for long distance flights that are not fitted with an automatic pilot. The uses of the appliance are so obvious, necessitous almost, that it is a wonder its general use is not a matter of ordinary regulations.

It must be remembered, too, that Wiley Post, even before his last round-the-world flight in 1931, underwent a self-imposed course of rigorous training to accustom himself to the special conditions of non-stop flying. A speciality of this training were practice landings achieved almost subconsciously, so as to guard against any slackening of the will power on sight of the harbour.

Third item in this sad story is the incredible aerodrome that runs off into a wide expanse of marsh, intersected by irrigation ditches. Who *would* expect to land in a marsh—or who could? The crumpled wreck of *Seafarer* is easily accounted for after one look at the photographs which are now available, though to be sure there were eye-witnesses found who stated that the machine appeared to be landing at 60 m.p.h.; but what chance would a 'plane landing at 40 m.p.h. have on such ground? By the way if it was so dark, the time of the landing being 21.00 hours, how was it possible to estimate the speed of the landing at all accurately? "It was all caused by the airport," said Mrs. Mollison. "Only one in a million would have a marsh on the edge of the landing ground." Very troublesome was the fumbling that took place down below. Whatever was the point of the machine that taxied about the aerodrome in an uncertain light when another machine was expected to land, thus cluttering the

(Continued on p. 268)

OUT in the OPEN in AUGUST

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TIDWORTH PARK CAMP where public schoolboys who are members of the O.T.C. have gathered for their annual summer training under army officers. *Left*—Members of the flying and yachting clubs of the Household Brigade at Lieutenant Commander Sir Warden Chilcott's house party at Warsash, Southampton, where the Commander entertained last week. Left to right—Mr. H. Dixon, Major C. A. Drummond, Captain A. D. Perrins, Sir Charles Lambe, Sir Albion Richardson, Mrs. Mary Peters, Lord Mottistone, Mrs. Perrins, Lady Lambe, Sir Warden Chilcott, and Mrs. Cyril Drummond

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING CLUB

Visiting aircraft sheltering from the sun under the trees near the aerodrome

VISITS THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE SAILING CLUB

EMIL LENGYEL: A bronze plaque by Alexander Finta of the author of *The Cauldron Boils*

BOOKS: By CECIL ROBERTS

"Souvenirs of France" — the Effortless Mastery of Kipling — A Slim Volume with a Surprise on Every Page: "Ordinary Families" — A Story for Landlubbers who Enjoy Going to Sea in Fiction: "The Cauldron Boils" — Emil Lengyel Discourses on Poland and the Corridor Question

When Paderewski touched the keyboard, when Kreisler put his bow across the strings, when Pavlova suddenly floated in from the wings there came an immediate consciousness of effortless mastery. I have the same feeling on reading Kipling. Words at his touch take on a fresh power, ideas are invested with new meaning, and it is all achieved with consummate ease. It matters not whether you agree or disagree with his views, just as it matters not whether the master plays Scriabine or Chopin, the touch is there, commanding attention.

Here comes Kipling with the slimmest of slim books — *Souvenirs of France* (Macmillan and Company. 2s. 6d.). An enterprising publisher might call it a pyjama-pocket book. It can be read in those waking intervals in a *wagon-lit*, and then slipped into the pocket and slept upon without inconvenience. Every page has a fresh surprise. I have not Kipling's unlimited admiration of the French. He admires even their meanness, and gives it another name.

"At a big Paris post-office a messenger entered to cash a money-order and turned away from the wicket leaving one sou lying on the counter. The postal employee who had cashed him the order was serving another customer and did not notice. But two well-dressed women in the queue instantly warned the messenger of his oversight, in that strict sudden staccato which a Frenchwoman reserves for serious affairs. It was not the amount that mattered but the principle. Call it sou-mindedness if you will. Myself, I respect it. It makes for simplicity, the acceptance of hard living which fortifies the moral interior as small pebbles assist the digestion of fowls; and it allows its practitioner to be as extravagant as he pleases in speech and oratory. The Englishman's inveterate habit of waste explains his inveterate habit of understatement."

Notice that simile of the pebbles and the fowls, examine its superb appositeness to the argument, and you will get some measure of the Kipling genius. I know of no other mind quite as acute in modern letters. I disagree, nevertheless, with the whole argument. I am upset at once by the thought of a French post-office. Anyone who, in sheer optimism, has ever attempted to buy a stamp at a French post-office will understand my unrest. Those impossible clerks, those inaccessible *guichets*, that long, leisurely inscription in ludicrously narrow ledgers, the acrid crowd pressing towards that *guichet* as though it were the platform of a guillotine, the contempt with which at last one is served, I know of no experience at once so humiliating and exasperating.

There is something noble about Kipling's faithfulness. It survived a loss in French Rentes over the stabilization of the franc, and a man's pocket is not a bad test of a man's faith.

And alluding to French thrift, he has a delightful story. England has had her three-bottle men, France has her three-jar men; men who drink to excess, men who save to excess. "Do you know what a litre jar is? Yes, it holds a litre; but it can also hold ten thousand francs in small paper. You fill one with your economies. Then you bury it. Then you begin to fill another. That is all. In the villages now men say of their richer neighbours, 'He must be at least a two or three jar man.'" Lastly, from this book one may derive not only delight but wisdom in the art of living in France. "One always finds a good *dejeuner* if one falls in behind the French Army at half-past eleven." I can endorse that tip. Once, during a miserable sojourn in Tunis, when I had been made ill with bad food, I suddenly changed my restaurant and went to one, hitherto avoided, where the French officers clustered. Now I always follow the light blue uniform into a restaurant. French military tactics begin in the stomach.

Ordinary Families by E. Arnot Robertson (Cape. 7s. 6d.) is a delightful holiday book. Here is a really untidy family, a kind of Sanger circus, with constant nymphs constantly sailing boats with superb dexterity and water-mindedness. For myself I am not broad-minded, I am depressed in a dinghy, and yawn (if not worse) on a yacht. Here is a novel that requires a peculiar education to write, with "reef points pattering on the canvas," with slim hulls and gross swells, and all the pitch-smelling jargon that only seaworthy writers like Miss Robertson can throw about.

But I had no idea that those familiar with the rules of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, were also so familiar with the rules observed in a night club. I am not shocked by Margaret, but the clean salt wind business, so popular with smoking-concert singers, and the Masefield "I-will-go-down-to-the-sea" (in evening dress) school, seems to have another side to it. For wind-blown sea-tanned Margaret "knew, better than by sight, men's lean lovely bodies. . . ."

Did Miss Robertson feel that she must concede a little sex in the sea business? Well, the book has gusto. It is like standing in a stiff breeze on a sea headland. This book blows through you, and the family, despite its author, is no ordinary family. It is a grand story for landlubbers who love going to sea in fiction, as I do.

Erich Kastner is now a firm favourite with children and grown ups. He won a large public with *Emil and the Detectives*, a surprisingly charming story of childhood to come from the pen of the author of *Fabian*, as beastly a book as I ever recall reading.

Now in the gay mood of the Pied Piper he comes with an absurd story *The 35th of May* (Cape. 6s.) A little boy, Conrad, had to write an essay on the South Seas, and an unemployed circus horse, which was also a champion roller-skater, took him there, in company with mad Uncle Ringel. In Topsy Turvy Country they found unsatisfactory parents being trained by children. The book is a tour-de-force in absurdity, with equally ridiculous illustrations. The research department, in which you become exactly what you are thinking about, is a most entertaining invention, but the whole book has that happy inconsequence which is the gift of childhood. A book to be given to any child after one has enjoyed it oneself.

After reading *The Cauldron Boils* by Emil Lengyel (Grayson. 8s. 6d.). I feel more depressed than ever. Herr Lengyel has made a careful study of the Polish question and the difficulties he discovers make a tangle of human folly appear beyond unravelling. Years ago Lloyd George said, before the Treaty that further confused matters, that Poland had five Alsace-Lorraines. The problem of the Corridor is now the most hotly contested. Is there a way out? Herr Lengyel tries to be helpful. He is extremely intelligent, he understands all the racial difficulties, but his solution is not clear. The Poles carefully refrain from calling this strip of territory dividing Prussia a Corridor. That is a German propaganda word. It is Poland's "sea-coast."

The Germans claim that the Corridor has been uninterruptedly German since 1772. Their claim is made notable by the fact that such eminent Germans as Copernicus, Kant, Herder, Schopenauer, Fahrenheit, and Hindenburg were born in it. Naturally its very existence is an affront to German pride. "What," asks Herr Lengyel, "would the English say if Birmingham were separated from Liverpool by a Corridor?" The necessity for a sea outlet, according to German argument, is farcical. Czechoslovakia has prospered without a sea coast, Switzerland has no sea coast, and now Austria has to exist without one. Practically the public opinion of Europe is against the Corridor, and even there is a school of criticism in Poland. Yet the Corridor remains because Poland is adamant and France feels her prestige is at stake.

I have searched for the cloven hoof in Herr Lengyel's book. Is he a German propagandist? I think not. But he does not fail to state a severe case against Poland. "The great tragedy of post-War Poland is that she has learned nothing from her own experience and fails to realise even to-day that the world has changed since the days when Russian soldiers occupied the citadel of Warsaw. Poland is applying the Russian method to the treatment of her nationalities, which was worse than that of Germany and Austria because it took everything and gave nothing."

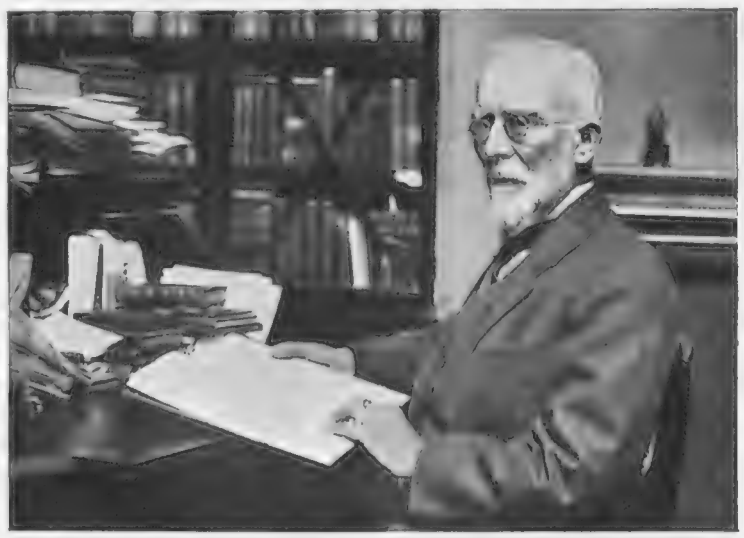
Herr Lengyel's final constructive suggestion towards a solution is that Poland should form a kind of eastern Switzerland, with full autonomy in provinces or cantons. The outlook is certainly black, and I do not feel the author has discovered a silver lining. His book teaches one to appreciate the enormous difficulties confronting the politicians. Every day the situation grows worse by virtue of the fact that Poland is increasing her stake in the corridor. The port of Gdynia is growing by leaps and bounds; Dantzig is decaying. Here are two dangerous competitors.

There is something very engaging about the personality of Major Stoffa who tells the story of his escapes and adventures in *Round the World to Freedom* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). He was an Hungarian officer, captured early in the war by the Russians, and sent to a prisoners' camp in Siberia. He made an escape from this camp, with three fellow officers, and after fearful perils succeeded in reaching China. They experienced kindness at the hands of a Chinese mandarin, but they pressed on to America. Thence they made an attempt to return to Europe but fell into the hands of the English.

Major Stoffa was sent first to Alexandra Park and to the Isle of Man. "I soon discovered why the camp at Knockaloe inspired such dread among the inhabitants of the Alexandra Palace. Here internment was reduced to its simplest elements, barbed wire, huts, and mud . . . the incessant drizzle outside supplied the keynote of our existence. . . . No wonder that so many men degenerated here by degrees into something near a state of savagery. The decent majority struggled hard to keep afloat in a sea of hopeless despondency, many went under, insanity claiming not a few."

His Odyssey closed dismally enough—a lost war, a ruined country, and a vanished profession. He arrived home with an English dictionary and a few crushed cigarettes. Major Stoffa is a gallant little fellow. He never whines, he summons up a smile in the direst adversity, and he tells his absorbing story without any thrills. This is a worthy addition to the literature of Escape.

The verve, the historical knowledge, and the tireless invention of the lady who has made a second reputation as George R. Preedy leaves me breathless with admiration. This new Preedy book, *The Knot Garden* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), is not as good as its predecessors. It fails at times in credibility though never in interest. But even so, a lower standard is still a very high standard in a Preedy book. This is a second volume of fifteen short stories. These cover different places in their historic settings, such as Hungary, France, Sweden, Austria, Russia, and Poland. They are debonair, they have a touch of romance, and often a grim twist.



THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE NAPOLEON LETTERS: Mr. Ben Maggs, the prominent Conduit Street bookseller, who a few days ago paid £4,400 at Sotheby's for the early love letters of Napoleon to Josephine. His expenditure for seventeen lots amounted to just under £7,000—a figure far in excess of anticipations

ANCESTORS in ART

And a Beautiful Tissot at the Tate

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK: An early seventeenth century masterpiece recently acquired by the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Texas, from the Newhouse Galleries of New York. The sitter, Diana Cecil, daughter of William, second Earl of Salisbury, married Henry de Vere, tenth Earl of Oxford. A portrait of the Countess in a similar dress, but in quite a different pose, hangs in the Prado Museum, Madrid

PORTRAIT OF THE HON. MRS. WATSON BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: Mrs. Watson was a noted Society beauty of her time. In 1785 she sat for Gainsborough, and in 1789 for Sir Joshua Reynolds, who produced what is considered the more attractive of the two portraits. The picture is now the property of the Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio, and is at present on loan to the Century of Progress Exhibition, Chicago

"THE PICNIC," BY JAMES TISSOT: A realistic group from the Tate Gallery by the famous artist chronicler of the 'seventies. Londoners have recently become re-acquainted with Tissot's work at an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Although Ruskin referred to the artist as a creator of coloured photographs of vulgar society, posterity has dealt with Tissot more kindly, and his pictures are greatly admired to-day for their faithful, sympathetic representation of an age which has passed

IN AN ANGLER'S PARADISE: Miss Sally Thomson, the well-known Scottish singer, fishing in the Tay near Kenmore, Perthshire, where the river runs through the picturesque grounds of Taymouth Castle. On the left are Provost Haggart of Aberfeldy and Miss Daphne Bowater

WITH ROD and LINE

On the Tay, the Wye, and other Waters

A CURIOSITY OF THE PISCINE WORLD: A monkey-faced trout caught near Cairo, Greene County, New York State. When a picture of this strange fish was published in "The Sphere" last year we referred to it as an ordinary rainbow trout whose head had been disfigured by an accident. A reader from King's College Hospital, however, sends us an interesting illustration, which we reproduce below, of a similar specimen which he caught while fly fishing on the Thames in June of this year. "On careful examination of these fish," he points out, "I have come to the conclusion that the deformity is congenital and somewhat analogous to Anancephaly which sometimes occurs in human beings. The deformity is too symmetrical to be due to an accident and there appears to be no evidence of any scar tissue"

TROUT caught in the Thames at Molesey Lock on June 23 of this year. The strange facial formation is clearly identical in both the lower and upper pictures

WELL GAFFED! THE END OF A WYE SALMON: The famous Welsh river has shown some particularly good sport during the past two years. In 1932 over 4,000 salmon and grilse were taken by rod as compared with 2,386 in the previous year

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: Surgeon Commander G. Murray Levick, R.N., with the party of thirty-five public schoolboys he is taking off to the Arctic Circle to chart the uninhabited spaces. The boys, who are members of the Public Schools Exploring Society, will make a film record of their journey and a complete log of their scientific and geological observations

LADY MURIEL BECKWITH and Lieut.-Commander Derek Jones, R.N., leaving Princes Row Register Office after their marriage last week. Lady Muriel is a daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond and Gordon

AT THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HUNT PUPPY SHOW: Major-General Sir Robert Fanshawe chatting with the joint master, Mr. C. P. Crump

A GIANT OF THE FORCE: Police-Constable R. C. Hunter, a new recruit to the Force, is 6 ft. 9½ ins. and weighs nearly 20 stone. He takes a 14 in boots

SIR ALASDAIR WORKMAN MACROBERT, BT. (second from right) walking with Lady MacRobert in the grounds of Douneside, Tarland, Aberdeenshire, during last week's coming-of-age celebrations held in his honour. Second from the left is Mr. William Heughan, the distinguished Scottish singer

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW: Mr. W. L. Stephenson, owner of the *Velsheda*, and his three daughters, Velma, Sheilah, and Daphne, ashore during Cowes Regatta week. Mr. Stephenson's new all-steel cutter won the King's Cup

IN MEDITERRANEAN WATERS: A cheerful group at Cap d'Antibes. Left to right—Mr. Michael Arlen, Mr. Irving Netcher, Ethel Levey (Mrs. Grahame White), Rosie Dolly (Mrs. Netcher), Mr Eddie Dolly, and Mrs. Roy Royston

BALLET IN THE REVISED VERSION OF THE CHARLOT REVUE: Frances Day as Pan, and Phyllis Gillespie and Eric Fawcett as the young lovers—an original and popular item in *How D'You Do?* which continues its long run at the Comedy in spite of heat wave weather

DRAMA and FILMS of the WEEK

The Possible Retirement of Mr. Somerset Maugham: "The Narrow Corner"—a Fine Achievement in the Filming of a Great Novel: "Beach" at the Alhambra—Rhythmic and Tuneful Entertainment

By PHILIP PAGE

If Mr. Somerset Maugham keeps to the vow he is alleged to have made after the short run of his powerfully gloomy play, *For Services Rendered*, at the Globe Theatre a few months ago, and really has brought his career as a dramatist to an end, this will mean one of the most serious blows the British drama has suffered for a generation.

Not that *For Services Rendered* was in itself a masterpiece, though, for all its morbid depression, I admired it. But Mr. Maugham almost alone has the grand manner in comedy and drama alike, and by the grand manner I do not mean the pompous manner. He moves in a big way because his sense of humanity is so sure (even if he does harp mercilessly upon its failings), and because his technique is so unerring. He is our greatest writer of the perfectly constructed play, with only Frederick Lonsdale, who has hitherto used lighter colours, in the same class.

Shaw is dramatically speaking, untidy, and will not forget that he is preaching something. Noel Coward, with all his sense of fun and satire, still makes most of his work seem like impromptu fooling, and has yet to write a play in the Maugham class; I do not say he will not do this one day, as he has been a brilliant young man for only about fifteen years.

"The Narrow Corner."—It was the sampling of Mr. Maugham as the filmed-novelist which made me regret the possible retirement of Mr. Maugham, the dramatist. I do not refer to the recent travesty of the brilliant *Our Betters*, which even the glamorously lovely Miss Constance Bennett could not save from being a disappointment, but to *The Narrow Corner*.

The filming of this fine novel is the best achievement of the Warner Brothers, and I followed up my visit to the Regal on a warm night by a second one on a still warmer.

This is not one of those all too many instances of those who have read the original being exasperated by the distortions and the mutilations, and those who have not been merely blithered. The latter will find a good story, well told, strong, original. The former may miss some of the meat, for the novel was if anything too meaty, in that the characterization was overwhelmingly full. But the philosophy of Dr. Saunders, who smokes opium, the detestably cruel and morbid skipper of that unpleasant ship, and Eric, the handsome Dane, little by little taking refuge behind unrealities—all this is essentially retained.

Those who associate Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, jun., mainly with rumoured divorces and engagements may be interested to know that he has developed into quite a sincere actor. Miss Patricia Ellis is on the commonplace side as Louise, but is quite pretty enough to decorate the shiny covers of film magazines for a long time to come.

"Beach."—The *Ballets Russes* at the Alhambra have been unusually lavish with new productions for a comparatively short season. Their latest, and last, is "Beach," which is, of course, about a beach and the youths and maidens who lie thereon, and, in this case, also dance thereon. M. Francaix's music is as slight as the ballet itself, but it is rhythmic and fairly tuneful in an undistinguished way.

There is no story, though the ever-adorable Mlle Riabouchinska, as a lively little chasseur, provides some comedy. After their trip to Poland, this troupe will certainly return to London, where they have given the greatest treat in this line of entertainment since the pre-War descent of Diaghileff on a London to whom ballet meant mainly, three-quarters-of-an-hour of mediocrity seen through the smoke haze at the old Empire and Alhambra.

A little time ago it was wrongly reported that Louis Armstrong, the negro trumpet-player, was dead; after a few minutes of his performance at the Holborn Empire the other night, I was brutal enough to wish that the report had had some truth in it.

There is no doubt that he can do what he likes with his trumpet. But he does not always do what even some of the less fastidious members of his audience like. He is too restless, too jumpy, and, on the whole, much too loud. In America, where they like their music "hot," Mr. Armstrong commands, I believe, a huge salary. Many of us in England can only wonder that complete mastery over a most difficult instrument can result in so little beauty.

A BRITISH STAR IN FRENCH FILMS: Betty Stockfeld who is now playing the leading rôle in *Le Sexe Faible*, a new production directed by Ziodmac. Miss Stockfeld is a great attraction among French picture-goers and has already been engaged for another big part with John Loder

The Malvern Festival.—Sir Barry Jackson has surely been treated a little harshly in the matter of his choice of programmes at the Malvern Festival this year. "Academicism" is the main charge. I do not see anything particularly academic in either Henry Arthur Jones or Sheridan Knowles; a play does not necessarily belong to that category because it is old.

Presumably, therefore, the complaint was made because of the policy of tracing the drama through the centuries, winding up with only one brand-new effort, *The Sleeping Clergyman*, by James Bridie, who usually functions at the Westminster. There is an academic ring about that title, I grant, though in a town replete with sleeping clergymen, some of whom have not been awake for a generation, it has also its appropriate touch.

Not all of the plays chosen were intrinsically interesting. I did not see this revival of Knowles's *Love Chase*, but I know the Knowles flavour, and that the English drama, apart from its intepreters, who included Edmund Kean, was at a pretty low ebb when Queen Victoria was a girl. Still, in an historical survey one example of the period could hardly have been omitted.

Did Sir Barry's critics expect him to provide a new play every night, and that now historic aeroplane for each one of them? No Festival has ever been, and could never be, an orgy of new productions. The Continental festivals, dramatic or musical, are not called academic though they rarely give us novelties; Bayreuth is reserved for Wagner, and the Passion Play at Oberammergau may be boring but is certainly not academic.

Sir Barry, leaving Shakespeare to Stratford, and leaving out Shaw altogether this year, struck, I think, an interesting line. And some people are apt to forget the number of new plays of prime interest and importance this manager has given us, among them being *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

"Ça, C'est Paris."—I can imagine many a less strenuous and more attractive occupation than appearing in a non-stop revue during a non-stop heat-wave. If one is of the male sex, the work is harder, for the essence of this type of entertainment is that the ladies of the company should wear as little clothing as possible.

Ça, C'est Paris, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, is a good example of its type—which is, perhaps, not much of a type. It has been transplanted from Paris by M. Jacques Charles, of the Moulin Rouge and Folies Bergère, and shows no signs of wilting. One advantage it possesses over those monster entertainments so typical of the rue Pigalle neighbourhood and so avidly devoured by British and American visitors—there is about it the spirit of youth.

After some experience of what is alleged to be the lighter side of the Parisian stage, I have been compelled to believe that Paris either cannot find young actresses for its revues, or does not like them. For the company invariably includes a tired and ageing lady of obviously uncertain temper, who appears in scene after scene and is so anxious that no one else, male or female, shall have a chance to do anything that she rarely leaves the stage from the time her poor tired body is hoisted about by her latest dancing partner in acrobatics reminiscent of the activities of the Smithfield meat porter until, with 100,000 francs' worth of ostrich feathers in her head-dress, she totters down the staircase for the finale with a toothy, but far from toothsome, grin. Paris likes that: even others than the *claque* applaud.

The French provinces like it too; Mistinguett, who was in London the other day, declared that she cleared, for her own pocket, a million-and-a-half francs from her recent tour of the French provincial towns. And back she goes to the Moulin Rouge in the Autumn. Mme Cécile Sorel, after a long and honourable career at the Comédie

(Continued on p. 268)

FAN MAIL: Joan Crawford, looking cool in spite of the Californian sun, replies to her hosts of admirers who every day deluge her home with requests for autographed pictures

In The Medieval Manner

Tea Gowns that Triumphantly Combine Classic Grace and Modern Charm

Whenever tailored clothes are as much in evidence as they will be this autumn tea gowns come into their own.

The perfect tea gown is not an easy thing to create. It has to combine a subtle air of dignity with a degree of comfort unlooked for in more formal garments; to be a solace in leisured moments, and a dinner dress *par excellence* on those occasions when one dines at home.

The making of such gowns is nowhere understood better than at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, London. The trio sketched at the foot of this page is a representative one. The gown on the left is of garnet-coloured velvet cut on classically simple lines, and is called Elaine. The waistline rises to a point at the back and dips in front, the cowl, neck, and dropped shoulder giving a very flattering effect to the corsage. It is available in all colours for the pleasingly low price of 7½ guineas.

Marcel is the name of the black ring velvet gown worn by the seated lady. The graceful georgette sleeves are decorated with appliquéd velvet leaves and flowers. It costs 12½ guineas, for which sum one may alternatively become the possessor of the frock on the right. Made of boldly-patterned black lace, it is slipped into like a coat and held in place by the velvet bow on the left side.

Lastly, there is the youthful royal blue velvet dress shown at the head of the page. It has a cowl front, the sleeve frills being carried down to the waist at the back; in all shades it costs only 98s. 6d. It has been christened Gillian.

And now, days that must be carefully noted are August 15, 16, and 17, as it is then that Marshall and Snelgrove are having their Fashion Parades, when the advance guard of the autumn models will be shewn. As admission is by ticket only, application for the same must promptly be made; it will be sent gratis and post free.

A trio of tea gowns from Marshall and Snelgrove which will be shewn in the Fashion Parades. The two on the left are of velvet, and heavy lace is used for the third, which is called Lolita. Royal blue velvet makes the youthful dress at the head of the page. Ideal for an informal dinner and dance

A STAR GOES CAMPING: Carol Goodner of *Dinner at Eight* fame seen with her sports car and caravan

HIGH SPEED HAY MAKING: A novel method of gathering in the crop on Lord Lymington's estate at Kemshott Hill, Hampshire. The car, which has a sweep attached in front of the bonnet, pushes the hay before it while travelling at 20 m.p.h.

MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH LIANG at the 2nd Division Army manœuvres near Pangbourne, Berkshire. The Marshal is being shown a small service car used for contact work

THE LONDON TO INSTANBUL ROAD SURVEY: Mr. W. F. Bradley and his daughter seen on arrival in London after returning from their 2,000 mile reconnaissance trip through Europe. Their car is an Armstrong Siddeley Special

IN A BERKSHIRE BYWAY: A Morris Oxford saloon in a picturesque lane between Henley and Reading

THE PETROL WORLD

Motorists and Medical Expenses: Some Amazing Proposals: Magistrates' Request for Increased Powers

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brook'ands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The most amazing proposals have recently been put forward. First of all it has been suggested that motorists should be made to pay the medical expenses of anyone injured on the road whether the motorist is the cause of the accident or not. Secondly, the home county magistrates desire to be given the power to withdraw if they think fit the licence of any driver who is convicted of careless or negligent driving. In this year of grace it is astonishing that the anti-motoring campaign is still conducted with almost undiminished vigour. After all, motorists are human beings, they are also pedestrians, and in many cases are ex-cyclists, yet a stranger from Mars on suddenly coming to this earth might well be forgiven if he were led to believe that they were a race of monsters which should be exterminated as rapidly as possible. Why I should be asked to pay the medical expenses of someone who desires to commit suicide by dropping in front of my car and only succeeds in smashing a leg is difficult to understand, whereas if I am riding a bicycle and the same individual desires to be equally foolish it is not suggested that I should be asked to contribute towards his medical attention. Really it is amazing how a noisy minority can apparently persuade ordinarily sane people to listen to their pet theories.

The magistrates' request for increased powers should be very carefully watched. Let us grant that there are far too many accidents which could be avoided. The problem then arises as to how the number can be reduced. Presumably, our white-haired old gentlemen on the Bench consider that they could reach the desired goal by taking away the licence of the careless or negligent driver. Most motorists who drive with due caution and in a courteous manner would be only too grateful if all road users who habitually drive carelessly or negligently were removed from our highways, but we have a very serious doubt in our minds whether the increased powers asked for would bring that happy state of affairs into existence. A drunken individual at the wheel of a moving motor car is a menace to the community, and in my humble opinion should never be allowed to drive again if caught. In actual practice, what frequently happens is that the criminal inebriate gets let off or is fined, whereas some perfectly innocent driver who has had one or two "gin and its" before starting out finds himself convicted of being drunk at the wheel. I know several friends who live in such terror of an accident happening through no fault of theirs who refuse to drink anything at all until the car has been placed in its garage for the night. A fear haunts them that if some not too intelligent constable scents the slightest trace of alcohol in their breath they are likely to be locked up immediately and find themselves at the beginning of very serious trouble. This fear is a very real one and it is difficult to account for it unless it has been brought into being by many grave miscarriages of justice. Only the other day a lady friend of mine had an accident in which her car was completely wrecked, but she herself was dragged out from the debris. Kindly neighbours insisted on her having a spoonful of brandy, but she absolutely refused to take it until the police had arrived on the scene and taken particulars.

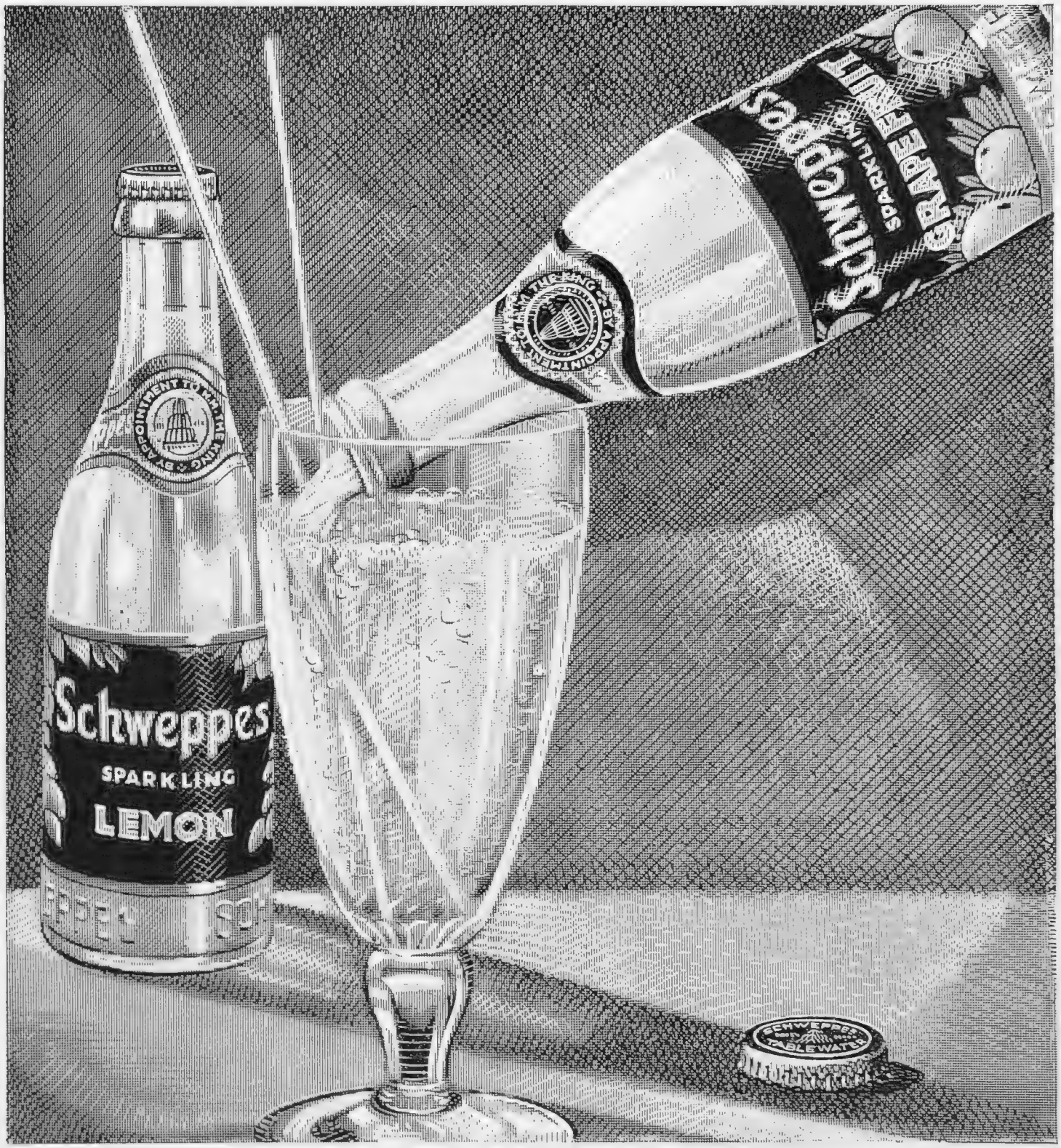
I do not believe for one moment that the increased power sought by the magistrates would diminish the number of accidents by one, but it would give them an appalling power which, with the best intentions in the world, might inflict serious consequences on people who are comparatively innocent. Magistrates give up a lot of valuable time to their job on the bench and one cannot but admire their sacrifices, but in the majority of cases they would be more usefully employed in sitting in an armchair smoking a pipe. Their contact with average motoring conditions to-day is probably very limited. The suggestion might be efficacious if we had special motoring courts where cases were investigated by motorists of long standing and sound judgment.

I know it is customary to say that "I do not like blowing my own trumpet," or to be more strictly accurate "mentioning my own name," but in my case it is quite true and genuine, so I trust I will be excused for what I am now going to write. Brooklands to the present generation and to the majority of people who come down and watch the many exciting races that there take place is little more than a concrete track which has been in existence for quite a number of years. To people like myself who have been privileged to dive into its early history, and to work and come into contact with those who helped to direct it and design it in the early days, Brooklands is more than concrete. Its beginnings were highly romantic and its difficulties were stupendous. Fearing that all the valuable and interesting facts, worries, and successes of the early days might be lost for ever, Mr. Michael C. Burn in collaboration with myself has written the full story of Brooklands in a book to be called *Wheels Take Wings* and this will be published on September 11 by Messrs. G. T. Foulis and Company, Limited. A great feature of this book will be the foreword graciously contributed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The film industry to-day has developed into one of the leading industries in practically every country, and for some years past certain manufacturers have recognised that the films provide an interesting and valuable method of advertising their articles. This has apparently escaped the notice of manufacturers connected with the motor trade as they have shown very little inclination to draw the attention of the public to their products in this way. Recently, however, the Austin Motor Company have produced a film of their own entitled *This Progress*, which has been shown at a number of picture theatres not only in England but also abroad, and has met with considerable success. This film was rather an ambitious advance on the usual type of screen propaganda but it speaks a lot for the foresight of its promoters. It gives the public an inside knowledge of the production

(Continued on p. 268)

LANDING A VAUXHALL ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST: Native boys bringing a case ashore from the S.S. *Eastlea* at Accra, Gold Coast



2 new fruit drinks . . . .

SPARKLING....DELICIOUS

The very latest in Summer fruit drinks are SCHWEPPES "SPARKLING LEMON" and "SPARKLING GRAPE FRUIT" . . . keen, refreshing . . . deeply satisfying. Have them handy in a heat-wave — and watch strong men clinging to straws!

—*therefore* Schweppes

N.B. *For a 'long' drink with a 'kick' in it try either with a dash of gin—it's a grand partnership!*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Sphere of Travel

SIGHTS and SOUNDS of the WESTERN ISLES

In the Last Home of the Gaelic Language

By SETON GORDON

THE ROCKBOUND COAST of lonely St. Kilda

A few years ago there was a great emigration of Hebrideans to Canada. A C.P.R. liner, making a special call at Loch Boisdale, embarked several hundreds of Isles folk for a distant shore and for a new home, far from the sea, in the heart of an unknown land. A year or two later a priest from the Isles visited the exiles. On his return I asked him how they fared. "The young people are happy enough," he replied, "but the old folk are missing the sea." I did not wonder at that, for the ocean is indeed a mother to the Western Isles and is a very part of their being. In Alexander Carmichael's masterly work, *Carmina Gadelica*, the old sacred runes which the poet gathered speak often of the sea:

"As it was
As it is
As it shall be
Evermore
O Thou Triune
Of grace.
With the ebb
With the flow."

The sound of the ocean is ever in the Islesman's ear. He is lulled to sleep by it, he hears the deep booming of the swell of a still night, and knows by that sign that a southerly storm is soon to break upon his coast. He is often on the water—lifting lobster creels, setting lines, visiting neighbouring isles. His women-folk gather sand from the shore—the white sands of the Isles are of great extent and charm—to sprinkle and beautify the earthen floors of their small thatched houses. Little wonder, then, that in their new home the people of the Isles should miss the sight and sound of the sea.

Perhaps the most curious thing that the visitor finds on his arrival in the Isles is that he hears a foreign language—Gaelic. Except in Stornoway and some of the other ports he rarely hears a word of English. But the Isles folk are bi-lingual. They will converse with him—the younger ones with ease—in his native tongue, but among themselves they will always speak in Gaelic. It gives food for thought when the driver of the local mail bus, after conversing animatedly with his neighbour in Gaelic, turns to you and begins a courteous conversation in equally fluent English. The Outer Isles are now the last home of the ancient Gaelic language and, let those who decry its use say what they may, it gives its speakers an undoubted advantage over those who can converse only in one language. Besides broadening and sharpening the mind it enables the Isles man to learn a foreign language such as French with comparative ease.

The sound of the Highland bag-pipe—the Piob Mhor or Great Pipe—is heard in the Outer Isles. In South Uist are to be found more good pipers than anywhere else in Scotland, and at the South Uist games the piping would win the appreciation of the great MacIntyres, hereditary pipers to Clan Ranald at his castle at Ormicleit, could they once more walk the isles in mortal shape.

In the Isles beauty is to be found everywhere. I can imagine no more delightful thing than to climb to the summit of Clisham or Hecla on a clear day and look across innumerable isles with their shapely fresh-water lochs and across league upon league of ocean to where, fifty miles westward, St. Kilda and its attendant islands rise on the distant horizon. On a clear day I have seen the swell break white on St. Kilda, and then, on turning my head, have seen a sister-wave break on Ardnamurchan, a full hundred miles distant from the rocky shore of Hirta, as St. Kilda is named in Gaelic. On one occasion I saw the snow-beds on Ben Nevis, one hundred miles away, and the Paps of Jura, just over a hundred miles from me.

In the small houses which the climber sees far beneath him from his hill-top there are women who spin the wool of the hardy island sheep and weave the so-called Harris tweed on small hand looms. Harris tweed is made not only in Harris but throughout the Outer Isles, and also at Port nan Long, a Harris settlement in the Isle of Skye. The wool is dyed with vegetable dyes and when well spun and woven is as long-wearing as any cloth. The weaving of hand-spun tartan may sometimes be seen in the Isles. It is an old art which requires much skill, and some years ago was in danger of being lost.

STACKING PEAT in the Outer Hebrides

Wherever he may wander—from the Butt of Lewis in the North to Barra Head in the South, the visitor to the Isles will find the same kindly, hospitable folk, rather shy perhaps (he must remember when conversing with them that English is not their native tongue) and with little idea of time, but ready and willing to do all they can to make his stay a pleasant one, and to welcome him back should he return to them from that country from beyond the sea which to some of the older people is an unknown land.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

Welcome to ITALY

TUSCANY

If you are an art lover, or are interested in folklore, or simply wish a refreshing rest, visit Tuscany, one of the world's beauty spots . . . Florence—Sienna—Pisa—Lucca—Montecatini—the famous Italian Spa; Viareggio, Forte dei Marmi and Pietrassanta; the vast beach of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Railway fares have been reduced by 50 per cent.

For information: Movimento dei Forestieri, Florence.

UMBRIA. A verdant countryside with romantic castles and historic hill towns . . . Perugia—with its renowned university (special courses for foreigners) . . . quiet Assisi—where the sanctuary of St. Francis stands . . . Orvieto, Spoleto—all easily reached by railway from Torontola on the Florence–Rome line.

ROME

You will enjoy a visit to the Eternal City . . . recent excavations have brought to light new marvels of the three great civilisations of Rome. Flanking the fine new road in the centre of the city (Via del Impero), they offer a magnificent spectacle. Then, too, it is Holy Year—there is the Fascist Exhibition to see—and Railway reductions of 70 per cent. (reduced fares also extended to Naples after a month's stay in Rome) simplify matters . . . delightful excursions as well. Roman Castles—Lake Nemi—Littoria (the wonder-town on reclaimed marshes)—Tivoli (Villa d'Este)—Ostia-Lido.

For information: E.N.I.T., 2, Via Marghera, Rome, Italy.

ADRIATIC COAST

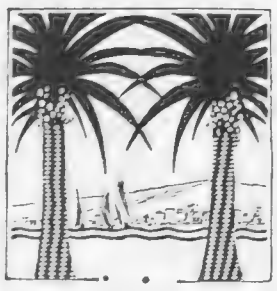
Sunny beaches of fine sand stretching for miles . . . Rimini—Riccione—Cattolica—Bellaria—Marina di Ravenna—Fano—Sinigallia—Cesenatico . . . and you'll find modern comfortable hotels wherever you go.

50 per cent. reduction of railway fares.

For information: At any of the local information bureaux (Azienda di Cura)

JULIAN VENETIA

Majestic mountains sweeping down to lovely shores . . . Old Trieste—Abbazia—Laurana—Fiume—smart Brioni—the huge grottoes of Postumia . . . Venetia is one of the most picturesque regions of all Italy.



LIGURIAN RIVIERA

Here are beaches for sun-worshippers! And what bathing in the blue Tyrrhenian Sea! There's good golf and tennis, too . . . and if you are in the mood . . . art treasures, towns of historic interest.

Substantially reduced railway fares.

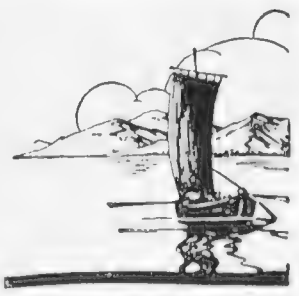
For information: Associazone Sviluppo Turismo Ligure, Genoa.

ITALIAN LAKES

Vast azure mirrors reflecting stately peaks . . . Como—Maggiore—Garda—Varese—Orta—Iseo—Idro, sapphires of the Alpine foothills . . . Summer and Autumn, the lakes are equally delightful . . . hotels and boarding-houses to suit every purse, swimming, motor-boating, horse shows, golf, horse races, all sports.

At Varese—Medical Holiday Courses for foreigners.

Railway reductions of 30 per cent.



For information, advice and general assistance in planning a visit, illustrated and printed matter, etc.:

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST DEPARTMENT (E.N.I.T.), 16, WATERLOO PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

BORGHI

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed for excellence of quality

555 25 for 1/8

333 25 for 1/3★

Other packings in proportion.

★ 333 cost you no more than ordinary cigarettes.

She does "like-a"

LEICA

so will you!

THE CAMERA FOR EVERY OCCASION

Holidays in full swing . . . you want to get out of the crowd . . . must have holiday pictures, though, but dislike carrying a cumbersome camera. The LEICA is made for you . . . a miniature camera supreme in its accuracy in all lights. The new slow-speed Model III gives long instantaneous exposures of 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$th sec. and intermediate fractions, as well as the usual 1/20th to 1/500th sec.; and what economy! 12 to 36 exposures with one loading, every one fit for enlargement up to enormous size. Easy payments and part exchanges arranged if desired.

LEICA MODEL III (illustrated) with telescopic range-finder with special magnification and focussing for varying eyesight, with Elmar F/3.5 lens ... £25

LEICA MODEL II, with Elmar F/3.5 £22 . 0 . 0

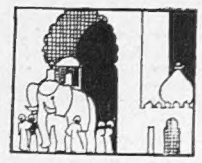
With new Ultra-rapid Summar lens F/2, in sunk mount ... £33 . 13 . 0

New Chromium Model 24/- extra.

WALLACE HEATON LTD.

119 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

'Phones: Mayfair 0924/5/6/7. And at 47, BERKELEY STREET, W.1



MONTE CARLO
(January 17th, 1934)
NAPLES
ATHENS
PALESTINE
EGYPT
INDIA
CEYLON
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS
SIAM
JAVA
BALI

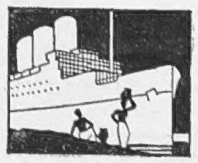
ZAMBOANGA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
CHINA
JAPAN
HONOLULU
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PANAMA
CUBA
NEW YORK
SOUTHAMPTON
(Arrive May 22)

WORLD CRUISE

by the biggest ship ever to girdle the globe. All-Star itinerary following Springtime round the World, includes many of the most interesting and lesser-visited ports and places. One Management, ship and shore — Canadian Pacific throughout. Minimum Rate: 420 Guineas, including shore excursions.

Empress of Britain

(42,500 TONS)



Write for Special World Cruise Brochure

CANADIAN PACIFIC

62-65 Charing Cross (Trafalgar Sq.) London, S.W.1; 103 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, or Local Agents Everywhere.

ON LANDING AT STRANGE AERODROMES

(Continued from p. 256)

aerodrome and disturbing the intending landers so that they, in their anxiety to avoid it, came down as far away as possible. I blame this well meant but ill-considered effort for the severity of the crash. It was indeed a lucky thing that there was so little petrol left, and that Mr. Mollison was flung half through the windscreen. How she crawled clear to extricate her husband, Mrs. Mollison alone knows.

Flight Lieutenant Charles Ulm.—Mr. Ulm must be by this time heartily sick of his luck. Fate seems to have a special grudge against the success of anything he tries to do. After the collapse of his 'plane just as he was about to take off from Portmarnock Strand, near Dublin, on the 26th of last month, he started to bring the machine to Manchester in order that it might be repaired at the works of A. V. Roe and Co. He arrived there on August 3, only to encounter another hitch. The huge wings and fuselage were passed by the Customs at Liverpool, but the engines were impounded as being of American make, and therefore liable to import duties. After several hours they were released to accompany the rest of the machine. The cost of the repairs will be borne by Lord Wakefield, whose generous offer alone made the continuance of the flight possible. In a week's time now Flight Lieutenant Ulm will resume the flight to America.

Air Transport and the Southern Railway.—Civil Aviation is growing up rapidly, and the railways have at last begun to take cognizance of this fact, though they were singularly lethargic in the matter before this year. It was in 1929 that the Air Transport Act was passed giving the railways power to operate air transport. The first Railway Air Service was started by the G.W.R. only on April 11, from Cardiff to Teignmouth and Plymouth, and now the latest development promises to take place on the Southern Railway, who have concluded an agreement with Airwork, Ltd., for a survey of all the land served by their lines. The object of this survey is to find out whether it will be in the company's interests to establish aerodromes near their stations or elsewhere on their land, or to develop ports on the S.R. as seaplane bases, and in fact to assess the whole of their land from the point of view of internal air lines and air transport.

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 264)

methods of this well-known concern and also deals with the history of the motor-car right from the beginning. The film is not only interesting, but it is naturally of practical educational value, especially to the younger generation. I should not be surprised to see other manufacturers take up this policy and the results should be highly satisfactory.

An appeal to motorists to assure themselves on leaving picnic and camping spots that nothing is left behind which could possibly cause a fire is made by the Automobile Association. Motorists are also asked to endeavour to keep the British countryside as beautiful as they would like to find it. One forest fire in every four occurring in Britain is traceable to a picnic or camp fire which some member of the public has neglected to extinguish completely. "Forest fires are usually caused by carelessness" is the conclusion of the Forestry Commission. Many recent outbreaks in forest and plantations have been caused by matches and cigarette ends dropped, still burning, into dry grass or brush, by fires lighted too close to such inflammable material, and so on. "Spontaneous" fires are known to originate in the summer months from the sun's rays striking through a bottle or piece of broken glass, which acts as a powerful burning glass.

The fact, recently published, that police authorities all over the country are finding motor cars more suitable for patrol work, no doubt accounts for the marked decline in the number of motor-cycle policemen one has seen on the roads of late. "It has been found that cars actually in use have been far more efficient," states the Chief Constable of Worcestershire, in recommending the purchase of several Hillman Minx cars, "while the health of the men should be very materially improved by this substitution of cars." The recommendation was duly adopted.

Both the A.A. and the R.A.C. do invaluable work as far as traffic control is concerned. In fact without their assistance I am afraid that the motorist would often be in a sorry plight. Since the beginning of this year the R.A.C. alone has provided many hundreds of traffic signs indicating routes to special functions. These include motoring events, race meetings, golf and tennis tournaments, agricultural and flower shows, air displays, exhibitions, carnivals, fêtes, cricket weeks and other similar gatherings. The club has specialized on the route signing of such events, experience having shown that unless clear and quickly followed indications are given to traffic proceeding to them considerable congestion and delay may result. During the past month nearly fifty such functions have been specially sign-posted—in some cases the number of signs erected running into very considerable figures. All of these signs are specially painted for each event. They are put up and taken down by the R.A.C. road staff, and although the work involved and the cost are very considerable, the resultant advantages to motorists in the localities concerned are so great as to justify fully the outlay.

DRAMA AND FILMS OF THE WEEK

(Continued from p. 262)

Française, has now been snapped up for a rival revue having duly qualified for the job by reaching the age of sixty. These references may seem ungallant, but the ladies in question would be the last to dispute the facts, or the additional fact that their public prefers a situation which seems to us bizarre.

Returning, after our trip across the Channel, to the Prince of Wales Theatre revue, there is much to admire in Mlle Lyne Clevers. She is quite a young girl, which probably accounts for her freedom to appear in a revue in London; I trust we may be able to keep her with us at least until 1953, when she will doubtless be snapped up by Paris at a fabulous salary. Mlle Clevers can sing a little bit, can dance, and has a keen sense of burlesque.

Mr. Freddie Forbes is a comedian of much resource; he acts as *compère*, and also appears, with Miss Angela Barrie in a series of sketches, which, if less Rabelaisian than those of the French original, have the advantage of being more intelligible—and considerably more amusing.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship have received a letter from Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Controller to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, stating that His Royal Highness much regretted that he was unable to come down to inaugurate the new *Arethusa* Training Ship, and that he was interested to hear from H.R.H. Prince George all that happened on the inauguration day. H.R.H. The Prince of Wales enclosed a cheque for £10 10s. as a donation to help the appeal for £14,000, the balance of the sum still required. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations towards the £14,000 so that the Ship may soon be declared free of debt. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication.

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Take Kutnow's Powder regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

ANTWERP **GRAND HOTEL DE LONDRES**

Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates.

Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers. Noted for its restaurant and wines.

Readers of

THE SPHERE

are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by

THE

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346 STRAND, LONDON.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *August* 12 1933 Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel
Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Do. - - Old Ship Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Bude - - - Falcon Hotel
Do. - - - Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal) The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston - - Raeburn Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Do. - - - York Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. - Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel

Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne - - "Donnington," Enys Road
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel
Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow) Grand Hotel
Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham - - Woodside Residential Hotel & Country Club
Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Harrogate Hydro Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel
Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin) Ross's Hotel
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7

London - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do. - - - Wilton Hotel, Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel
Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel
Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel
Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Porthcawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea Alexandra Hotel

St. Leonards-on-Sea Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
Do. - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth Grange Hotel
Do. - "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon) Rock House Private Hotel
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria & Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"
VAPEX (REG TRADE MARK) INHALANT
for Summer Colds
A cold in the summer time is intensely disagreeable, and the prevalence of dust renders a cure difficult—unless "Vapex" is used. "Vapex" soothes, cleanses and protects the inflamed mucous membrane of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the germ-killing vapour.
All Chemists 2/- & 3/-
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.
V.30.

The ADMIRAL'S CHOICE
● Critical men, the world over, prefer the Kropp, because it gives years of continuous and luxurious shaving. It never requires grinding.
In case, Black handle, 10/6; Ivory handle, 18/-. From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.
Free copy of illustrated "Shaver's Kit" Booklet, No. 170, sent on request.
Try the New Kropp Bakelite Shaving Stick, price 1/3. Also Kropp Shaving Cream, 1/3 large tube.
KROPP ALL BRITISH
OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

HEALTHIER MOTORING
Any Fixed-top Saloon can be converted and fitted with TICKFORD PATENT FULLY-OPENING ROOF which can be opened and closed in one minute by turning small handle. Design and lines of body unaltered. Over 400 new saloons converted in twelve months.
Illustrated Particulars from Patentees:—
SALMONS & SONS, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.
LONDON SHOWROOMS:
15, New Burlington Street, Regent Street, W.1.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

SPORTING BRONZES
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from 4 Gns.
THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1

"LEICA" SPECIALISTS
DEVELOPING, PRINTING and ENLARGING
FINEST WORK
LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST
WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

In the August Issue — on Sale Everywhere

"THE ROMANCE OF THE FLYING MAIL" *by Harry Harper and Robert Brenard.*
"WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN?" *by J. S. Bainbridge, D.Sc.*
"STELLAR SPACES" *by Lady Troubridge.*
"OTHER OXFORD UNIONS" *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."
"CAPE HORN" *by C. Fox Smith.*
"THE QUEEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN" *by James Laver.*
"THE BACK GARDEN OF ALLAH" *by R. J. Minney.*
"SEÑOR NELSON" *by John Reid Byers.*
"A GALLERY OF WOMEN" No. 4—GRETA GARBO *by James W. Drawbell.*
"THE MAN FROM POONCH" *by Talbot Mundy.*
"STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY" *by F. Matania, R.I.*
"SHORE EXCURSION" *by Christine Jope-Slade.*
"ENTER THE 'UNIT' HOUSE" *by Noel Carrington.*
"A NEW HOUSE AT THE OLD ADDRESS" *by Winifred Lewis.*
"THE WHITE HOUSE." Whistler's Chelsea Home.
"FRESH FIELDS AND PLACES NEW" *by Winifred Lewis.*
"THE MIRAGE OF GOD" *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"WHO IS WHO" *by Sydney Tremayne.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
MADAM, DO YOU KNOW?
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
TRAVELLING CLOTHES FOR THE SUMMER HOLIDAY-MAKER.
FASHIONS OF THE COMING SEASON.
A KNITTED PINAFORE FROCK.
CLOTHES FOR TERM TIME AND THE HOLIDAYS FOR THE GIRL IN HER 'TEENS.
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
"BEAUTY IN THE MAKING" *by "Chrysis."*
"HOLIDAY STIFFNESS."
"SIMPLIFIED MEALS FOR THE SUMMER BUNGALOW" *by Judith Silburn.*
"FRUIT SALADS" *by A. H. Adair.*
"SUMMER SAFETY" *by Mrs. Robert Noble.*
THE MOTORING SECTION *conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*
OUR LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE.

337 P 58

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *August* 12, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.